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The Outlook

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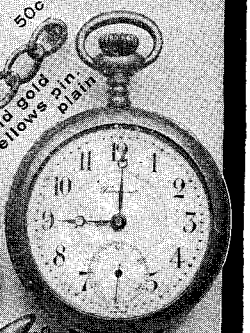

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 11, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE TRUST KALEIDOSCOPE

Again the kaleidoscope has turned, presenting a new aspect of the Trust question. Some days ago the lawyers for the American Tobacco Company filed with the Federal Circuit Court a plan for reorganization which, from their point of view, would secure compliance with the Anti-Trust Law as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court. It is to be remembered that the Supreme Court, when it declared the American Tobacco Company and its subsidiary concerns to be in violation of the statute, ordered the Circuit Court to see that the combination involved in the suit was dissolved in accordance with the law and the concerns involved put into legal order. The propositions made by the counsel for these companies have not met with the approval of Attorney-General Wickersham. As representing the United States Government, he has raised strong objections to the plan they propose. Counsel for other interests have also raised objections. Ultimately the Court, of course, will have to decide what is permissible and what is not. Meantime lawyers disagree. In fact, no lawyer would venture to predict what the Court will finally decide that the law allows or disallows in this reorganization. On another page we discuss some aspects of the general Trust question. Here, in what follows, we wish simply to call attention to some recent statements by the President, and their relation to this plan of reorganization.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TRUSTS

In the course of his trip traversing the continent, the President was reported to have made two statements about the Trust question: first, that now that the Supreme Court had rendered its opinions in the Oil and Tobacco Cases, the Anti-Trust Law has been made clear, so that there could be no reasonable doubt as to what was legal and what was illegal; and, second, that administrative regulation of trusts to the extent of regulating prices (the power to fix prices being, as the Supreme Court has said, one of the evils of monopoly) would be State Socialism. He reiterated these views at Pittsburgh last week. Mr. Littleton, Democratic Congressman from New York, had made a speech in which he suggested that, instead of trying to solve the trust question by prosecuting combinations, the Government should require every corporation to submit its status and true condition to a board created for that purpose, and to obtain a license to do inter-State business. It was in reply to this speech of Mr. Littleton's that the President reiterated the two views to which we have referred. We quote from the report of the President's address as printed in the New York "Tribune:"

> The Sherman Law has been on the statute-books for twenty years, and has been construed and construed and construed, and finally by the Supreme Court. The two decisions last spring, in my judgment, give it definite meaning that any combination in restraint of trade, with the purpose of controlling prices and stifling competition, is a violation of the statute. Men know whether they intend to stifle competition and control prices, and all that is necessary in a court of law is to prove the combination and the intent.

On the other point he said:

> But what has my dear friend Littleton to offer? Only one course is open. Either we will have individualism, or we will have combinations in restraint of trade going to that point where the people will demand that the power of men engaged in such corporations be transferred to the Government. And then we will have State Socialism.

We confess that we have been unable to reconcile the views which the President has thus expressed with his advocacy of Federal incorporation; for it is inconceivable that the President should advocate any form of Federal incorporation which would not involve the transfer of power now enjoyed by trust

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managers to the Government; and yet we are sure that the President did not intend to imply that he believed in State Socialism. It would be helpful also to know how these views of the President's are in accord with the facts, as noted above, with regard to the present status of the Tobacco Trust Case. The President says that the law is perfectly explicit and definite, and yet not even lawyers, much less business men, can tell whether the plan of reorganization submitted on behalf of the tobacco concerns is legal or not. The President also says that regulation by an administrative body with power to determine such an essential matter regarding monopoly as the fixing of prices would involve the country in State Socialism. And yet we see regulation being exercised by a judicial body. If the one involves State Socialism, why not the other? If it is desirable for a court to lay down rules and regulations for corporations as to what they shall be permitted to do, thus performing a function that is by no means judicial but administrative, why is it not desirable that this function be performed by an administrative body?

THE AMERICAN NAVY IN REVIEW

Nineteen years ago, when the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated in New York City, interest in the naval parade was focused upon the ships of the White Squadron, the nucleus of the new American navy. Those ships were the Chicago, the Atlanta, the Boston, and the Dolphin, and their aggregate displacement was twelve thousand tons. Last week in the same waters the President of the United States reviewed a fleet of American war-ships numbering one hundred, and with an aggregate displacement of almost seven hundred thousand tons. In two decades the United States has become a world power; and our navy has grown until we are to-day, according to the reported statement of Secretary Meyer, the second naval power in the world. The White Squadron was a good beginning, but its ships combined would hardly make half of one of the new super-dreadnoughts—the Florida and the Utah—which went into commission just in time to take their places in the fleet. For six miles up and down the North River, opposite the upper half of Manhattan Island, the fleet stretched in three lines—twenty-four battle-ships, two armored cruisers, twenty-two destroyers, and enough scout cruisers, submarines, colliers, supply, hospital, and repair ships and despatch boats to make up the even hundred. For four days the fleet afforded a spectacle, at once picturesque and instructive, to that portion of the American people in New York or near enough to reach the city easily. The ships were visited by thousands. On Wednesday the fleet was inspected and reviewed by the Secretary of the Navy, and on Thursday reviewed twice by the President, once as it lay anchored and again as the ships passed out through the Narrows to their next appointed duties. This assemblage of the great bulk of the American navy in the waters of the country's most populous center is an admirable thing. It will remind the American people, somewhat forgetful of even important things when they are not right under their noses, that we have a great navy of which we may be proud. But, what is more important, it will serve to remind the country that our navy, great as it is, has urgent needs. This fact was recognized by President Taft and referred to in a statement which he made after the review. He commended the fleet for its preparedness, its high military efficiency, and the quality of its personnel, and added: "The equipment of the fleet is excellent, except as to the number of destroyers and cruisers and colliers in proportion to the whole number. We had in the fleet to-day twenty-two destroyers, and to meet the full requirement there should have been approximately one hundred destroyers, or an average of four to each battle-ship. It is true that there has been a marked improvement in the type of colliers and fast cruisers in our navy, but it is also true that we haven't a sufficient number." The United States, as a world power with grave responsibilities not only at home but in the Philippines, Hawaii, and in the Panama Canal, needs a strong navy. Our navy to-day in its fighting power as expressed in battle-ships is in the front rank. But it needs to be rounded out in just those directions to which President Taft referred. It needs fast cruisers, a greatly increased number of destroyers, and especially more colliers. A fleet of strong fighting ships is indispensable, but if those ships cannot go at will wherever there is fighting to be done they are useless. Of course the strength of the navy in fighting ships also needs to be kept up. If this mobilization of the greatest fleet that the United States has ever gathered together

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shall arouse new interest in the navy and a new appreciation of its needs, the Administration will have performed a notable service in bringing it about.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND EARL GREY

Rideau Hall, Ottawa, is the residence of the Governors-General of Canada. Thirty years ago royalty resided there in the person of Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll), then Governor-General. The new Governor-General is the Duke of Connaught, the third of Queen Victoria's four sons, and therefore, of course, uncle of the present King. The Duke is a soldier, a statesman, and a popular man. Every one expects that he will make a good Governor-General. His efforts will be seconded by the Duchess, a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the "Red Prince," as he was called in the days of the Franco-German War. But, popular as he is personally and warmly as he is being welcomed as a direct representative of the Crown—that symbol of Imperial unity amidst the diverse systems of the British Empire—it will be no easy thing, as the Duke frankly said on landing at Quebec the other day, for him to succeed such a Governor-General as Earl Grey has been. He made it his business to travel extensively throughout the Dominion. No Canadian executive ever knew the country better. An Imperialist of the best stamp, he was at one with all Canadians in their increasing sense of nationalism. To him, therefore, the withdrawal of the Imperial garrisons from the Canadian seaports was a proclamation to the world that a new national spirit had been born in the Dominion, but also a spirit too proud to add a single ounce more to the weight of empire on the already overburdened Imperial Government. Yet this was all entirely consistent with Earl Grey's notion of Imperialism. To quote him directly:

> In the Imperialism to which I am a devotee there is no question of influence by the Parliament of one kingdom with the Parliament of another kingdom or dominion. Every self-governing country in the Empire enjoys security so long as its retains its allegiance to the British Crown, and the strength of the Empire will be exercised on its behalf whenever necessary in order to insure it the continuous enjoyment of its rights.

With this view of Canada as "a dependent independency," to quote Lord Grey again, he did not find it easy to terminate his official connection with the Dominion. At the Canadian Government's urgent solicitation an extension of Lord Grey's term of office was granted, and after the Duke of Connaught was appointed to succeed him a second extension became necessary so that the Duke might go to South Africa on a special mission. Thus, instead of a term of five years, Earl Grey has served seven years as Governor-General. It is not too much to say, we think, that with every year his popularity increased, this largely due to his frankness and freedom of speech. Earl Grey also earned the good will of people on this side the border, not only because of his ready co-operation with President Taft in countenancing the arrangements for the contemplated reciprocity agreement, but also because of his restoration to the United States of a valuable portrait of Franklin which had long hung in the home of all the Earls Grey. In some way not known the portrait reached England. Lord Grey has thus stated his reasons for returning the portrait:

> Because I love the American people, because my sense of equity tells me that there are higher laws than the law of possession, and because I believe that neither England nor America can fulfill their high mission to themselves or to the world unless we approach the consideration of every problem affecting our relations to each other, not from the narrow, selfish, and provincial standpoint of what England and America can each of them do for themselves alone, but from the higher standpoint of what we all can do for England, America, and the world.

THE CHINESE REBELLION

Last week the great event in the fighting at the front in China was a battle near Hanyang. The rebels had only half as many men as there were in the Government forces; of course the Government soldiers were better trained; finally the rebels were subjected from the flank to a raking cross-fire from Admiral Sa's war-ships. But the rebels gamely held their ground until nearly five hundred of their number had been killed and fifteen hundred wounded. Even when they were compelled to retire with broken ranks there was no panic. Thus most of the fighting still centers about the junction of the Yangtze and Han Rivers. As Mr. George Marvin points out in "Collier's," the Yangtze divides China into a north and a south just as the Mississippi divides our own country into eastern and western

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portions. Mr. Marvin carries the parallel further:

> The center of the disaffected area, and the base of operations for the revolutionary armies, is Hankau, a city of much the same size, relative geographic position, and strategic importance as St. Louis, and almost exactly the same distance, as the aeroplane flies, from Peking that St. Louis is from Washington. . . . To transplant the scene of operations to American soil, the rebels, from their base at St. Louis, have driven back the Government gunboats which were sent up the Mississippi to attack them and have pushed their advance posts as near Washington as Cincinnati.

Yuan Shi-kai, in addition to acting as commander of the army and navy in the crisis, has also asked to be appointed acting Prime Minister, to hold until the crisis is past. With this request he has set forth his plans for restoring peace. He intends to halt all the imperial forces and order a stoppage of aggressive campaigning against the rebels. He expects to influence the rebels through the National Assembly and to bring about a stoppage of fighting on their part—this the National Assembly has already confirmed. Then Yuan proposes to open negotiations with the rebel leader, General Li Yuan-heng, forthwith, with a view to establishing permanent peace; if a personal talk is obtainable in no other way, he will visit the rebel quarters at Wuchang. But Li Yuan-heng has already proclaimed himself "President of the Republic of China," and knows that he has the sympathy of a large number of the Southern revolutionists. The Northern revolutionists, however, it is believed, side with the National Assembly and will be satisfied with the reforms already obtained.

THE MANCHUS SURRENDER

Those reforms mean the surrender of the Manchu dynasty. That does not mean that it has retired from China. But it has acceded to the demands of the National Assembly, representing all parts of the Empire, and representing rebels as well as loyalists. Most Chinese do not want their nation of four hundred million people to be longer ruled by a comparatively few millions of another and now degenerate race. That race is now represented by a five-year-old boy, the tenth Emperor of the Manchu line. He became Emperor when he was but two years old! Until he is of age his uncle, Prince Chun, acts as Regent. The occasion of the Manchu surrender was marked by an Imperial edict—ostensibly from the hand of the infant Emperor. It sounds more like the boy Pu Yi than like the sovereign reigning under the imperial name of Hsuan Tung. He says, or rather is made by his advisers to say, frankly and piteously enough:

> I have reigned three years and have always acted conscientiously in the interests of the people. But I have not employed men properly, as I am without political skill. I have employed too many nobles in political positions, which contravenes constitutionalism. On railway matters one whom I trusted deceived me. Hence public opinion was antagonized. When I urge reform, officials and the gentry seize the opportunity to embezzle. Much of the people's money has been taken, but nothing to benefit the people has been achieved. The whole Empire is seething. The spirits of our nine deceased Emperors are unable to enjoy the sacrifices properly, while it is feared that the people will suffer grievously. All these things are my own fault, and I hereby announce to the world that I swear to reform, and with our soldiers and people to carry out the Constitution faithfully, modifying legislation, promoting the interests of the people, and abolishing their hardships, all in accordance with their wishes and interests. The old laws that are unsuitable will be abolished.

And not only this. Future constitutional changes are now to originate from Parliament and not from the Throne. The army and navy are to be controlled by the Throne, except when employed within the Empire, and then they are to be controlled by Parliament. Moreover, the Throne pardons political offenders connected with all revolutions since that of 1898, and promises to exclude Manchu princes from membership in the Cabinet. In this latter respect it has apparently been as good as its word. It has already excluded Manchus from the Cabinet, but where they were trained experts, as in the case of General Yin Chang, the Minister of War, other places of usefulness have been found. Yin Chang, in supreme command of the Imperial troops until superseded by Yuan Shi-kai, is made Chief of the General Staff. He thus succeeds two Manchu princes, one of them the brother of the Prince Regent, who were the joint chiefs of the General Staff, though neither of them was a military man or had a military education! Thus, in one striking instance at least, we see efficiency replace inefficiency. But, what is most impressive, of course, we also see, for the first time in its short history, the National Assembly's requests not only heeded, but submissively obeyed by the "Son of Heaven"—the name by which the Emperor of China

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has always been known. It is true that the reforms above mentioned may have been obtained too late to save the dynasty. And yet, if the Manchus should be driven out of China, the Young China party, now in the saddle, might be somewhat at a loss as to the substitution. Most members of that party are monarchists rather than republicans, and the best of them have opposed the Manchu dynasty not so much because it is Manchu as because it is corrupt and incompetent. The purely Chinese Ming dynasty, which preceded the Manchu, is now extinct, it is said. And, failing any member of an Imperial or semi-Imperial house, if a prominent statesman like Yuan Shi-kai, for instance, were suddenly elevated to the throne, the jealousies, already stirred by the ambitions and successes of the man in question, might not presage a peaceful future.

A TRIUMPH OF AVIATION

The contest between the Italians on the one hand and the Turks and Arabs on the other for the possession of Tripoli continues, the Italians recording the usual series of victories. The most striking recent event has been the success achieved by an Italian aviator, during a reconnaissance, in dropping several bombs in the midst of Turkish encampments. This is the first accomplishment in actual warfare of a feat for which the chief military powers of the world have been actively practicing during the past two years. Since machines heavier than air first began to show signs of being practicable their military possibilities have been evident, and experiments in scouting and in dropping dummy bombs have been made with varying success by the armies of Germany, England, France, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Russia, Japan, and, as is well known, by our own army. Of course the great difficulty in the way of success has been the practical impossibility of attaining accurate aim in dropping a missile from a machine at the height necessary for safety from the enemy's guns, and moving with the speed necessary to keep an aeroplane in the air. It may be remembered that last January, at San Francisco, Lieutenant Crissy, flying in a Wright machine, at the height of four hundred and seventy-five feet, released a bomb at a given spot and succeeded in hitting the mark on the aviation field. This is all very well, but its uselessness in war becomes apparent when the fact is taken into account that the new aerial guns can send shells thousands of feet into the air. Hence the usefulness of the aeroplane lies rather in scouting than in dropping bombs. An unexpected use of the aeroplane is in fighting the submarine. Aeronauts have been able to locate submerged vessels while their planes were at a comparatively safe height. It is even maintained that a heavier-than-air machine could drop a bomb that would destroy a submarine boat of the present type.

A CONGRESS OF INDIANS

The first annual Congress of the new American Indian Association, lately concluded, at Columbus, Ohio, was a decidedly interesting event, as well as one fraught with great significance to the allied Indian tribes of the United States. About one hundred and fifty educated leaders of various tribes and reservations from different parts of the country were present, and took up the various phases and questions of the tribal life, principally in its relations to the Federal Government. While councils of war and conquest have largely been the ruling forces in Indian history of the past, this meeting was a peaceful one in its conception, and broadened and grew in its scope as the time came for calling the representatives together. Educated men and women, graduates from Government schools, students at Carlisle and Hampton, and those Indians generally held to be the leaders of their people in the professions, took part in the proceedings. The real business before them concerned the industrial, moral, and political handicaps that confront their many tribes and the struggle for advancement against their civilized neighbors and men over them. Addresses and discussions of the more vital issues affecting their chances for the future took up most of the time, and were largely participated in by the delegates in closed session. The attitude of the National Government toward the Indians, the employment of their people as laborers, the establishment of the rank and file of the race in homes and communities, where they can make their living in their own way and work out their destiny along peaceful lines, unmolested, were bitterly and hotly debated. The convention voted to ask the President of the United States to appoint a commission to codify the laws relating to the Indians, for the purpose of recommending changes necessary for the advancement of these wards of the Nation and the full protection of their rights as citizens.

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The attempt to elect Indian employees or appointees of the Government to office in the Association was defeated, as an expression of the sentiments of the Indians against the treatment given them by the National Administration, past and present. Aside from the strictly business sessions of the conference, there were some exhibits of Indian blankets and bead work, and concerts devoted to the weird but melodious music of the tepee were open to the public. The conference adjourned to formulate resolutions and adopt a constitution for consideration at another meeting, when final plans will be made for the next annual Congress. Whether the Association proves a good or an evil thing for the Indians will depend upon the spirit of its leaders. There is some danger that critics, if not assailants, of the Government will get control. It will prove a hopeful movement only as it is dominated by those who recognize that the Indian has many friends among the whites and in the Government, who seek to secure friendship and co-operation between the two races.

THE PROBLEMS OF PRISONS

A noteworthy interest in the proper employment of the prisoners in American prisons, reformatories, and jails was the keynote of the annual Congress of the American Prison Association held recently at Omaha. This interest resulted in the appointment of a special committee, in which the name of the President of the American Federation of Labor is found among others, to investigate thoroughly prison labor conditions in this country and to report recommendations at the next year's Congress in Baltimore as to the best labor methods to be pursued in the correctional institutions of the various States. No more far-reaching action has been taken by the American Prison Association in the last decade. The sessions of the Omaha Congress teemed with aspects of the labor problem. From New Zealand the success of reforestation by prisoners was reported; from Toronto, the remarkable working of convicts on a wide prison farm without armed guards. From the District of Columbia came reports of several successful years of collection of important sums from convicted offenders on probation, for the benefit and support of their families. Colorado has built almost half a hundred miles of State road by prisoners in the open, and other States have emulated the record. The Congress was permeated with the feeling that prisoners should be steadily and profitably employed, not exploited by State or corporation or individual, and that so far as possible the families of prisoners should receive some portion of their earnings. Two other currents were strongly felt: one for the rational development of recreation in correctional institutions, the other for the more careful study of the mental and physical condition of each inmate. Baseball, lectures, concerts, prison schools, and other educational features were warmly advocated. Outdoor sports on a week-end half-day were held to be not only a valuable "exhaust pipe" for pent-up spirits and emotions developed in a necessarily abnormal condition of living, but also a distinct part of the plan of re-creation that is a prominent purpose of imprisonment. As to mental and physical defectives, the testimony of specialists was strong, not only that a considerable percentage of prison inmates are mentally backward and deficient, thus requiring special treatment rather than ordinary prison discipline, but that many industrial and living conditions, in which offenders, young and old, have found themselves, tend predominantly to crime. In several sessions emphasis was laid also on the deplorable absence of statistics regarding crime in the United States, it being shown to be impossible to-day to tell whether crime is increasing or decreasing or what the general results of imprisonment in prisons or reformatories are. Encouraging indeed was the frank introspection that the prison wardens and Boards of Managers gave to this and their own work. Of special interest was the report of Attorney-General Wickersham on the success up to the present time of the parole system for United States prisoners, who now may be paroled, if first offenders, at the end of a third of the maximum term of their imprisonment, by the action of a board of parole consisting of the warden of the penitentiary in which the prisoner is confined and representatives of the Federal Department of Justice. The Attorney-General advocated the extension of the parole system to cover the cases of life prisoners, details of administration of which would naturally be worked out in legislation.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

The recent fifty-first session of the English Church Congress was notable as the sessions almost always are, for frank speech on vital subjects. The session was held at

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Stoke-on-Trent, one of the great centers of industrial England, and in the heart of the potteries, the life of which Mr. Arnold Bennett has described in three or four novels. The Bishop of Lichfield, speaking on the position of the laymen in the English Church, declared that lay representation was a matter not only of practical but of spiritual importance, and that there is no room in the Church for a merely formal membership, or for men who lack democratic aspirations. If the Church, he said, is to be in harmony with progress, liberty, and knowledge, it must extend the franchise. The Bishop of Carlisle declared that ecclesiastical notions of catholicity are sectarian, and he urged the need of greater simplicity in the doctrines and customs of the Church. The Bishop of London, who always deals with vital things with the utmost directness, asked the questions why the English Church has not more influence with the rising democracy, and whether the new wine has burst the old bottles. He commented on the very significant fact that, while the labor movement of itself is definitely religious, scarcely any of its leaders belong to the English Church, nor do they look to the Church for guidance or sympathy. One reason for this state of things, the Bishop declared, is class prejudice. A Churchman must not only realize the desire to better the conditions of the workingman, but must share that desire with the same intensity of feeling which the workingman feels. Ecclesiastical and party controversies must yield place to the interests of the great mass of people. "The truth of the matter is," the Bishop said, "that it will not be enough to alter this or that detail; the whole texture of the Church must be altered." The creeds must be brought home in the living language of the Bible, sacraments must be made to appeal by their simplicity and beautiful symbolism; respect for the ministry must be developed by the service and sympathy of the ministry; class prejudice and class feeling must be laid aside; the sense of superiority must be destroyed. "We must lay aside our own garment of superiority as our Master did, and ask if we may be allowed to serve; and I believe that we shall be astonished at the change which in time will take place." These words contain a ringing challenge not only to the English Church, but to the Church in all its divisions, both in England and in America, and go to the root of the severance between organized Christianity and the working classes.

THE ADVANCE OF UNITARIANS

The sense of social responsibility expressed in this British meeting has almost simultaneous expression in a meeting this side of the Atlantic. Alongside with those Unitarians who have opposed the ancient creeds have long been those who have battled for better material things. But in their National organization the question of improving the conditions of common life has found little official recognition till this year. At the recent annual session in Washington of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches—the name of which has been changed now by the substitution of "General" for "National"—the programme was enriched by the inclusion of such topics as have usually found place only in a sociological gathering. In this respect the Unitarian body is following a course already pursued by other denominations. The main theme on the day which was devoted to these subjects was the importance of inspiration and of establishing a standard for studying, inspecting, and improving social conditions—charitable, educational, industrial, and hygienic. A strong appeal was made for Government inspection of charitable institutions, whether public or private. In New York, for instance, there are hundreds of institutions, the greater number of which, though private, receive public moneys and are inspected by the State Board of Charities; but, in addition, there are many others which are not inspected or, in respect to the care of the inmates and the use of trust funds, controlled in any way by State oversight. The same plea was made for Governmental inspection of private as well as public schools. These two branches of education are too often set over against each other instead of being used to complement and serve each other, as they might and should be used. Standard inspection of all would help to bring about a remedy for this loss. In the industrial world there is the same call for improvement. In New York alone there are myriads of homes where manufacturing goes on which cannot be properly inspected, especially with the inspectors released from the check of civil service examinations. In matters of health there is more progress, but little uniformity. Pupils in the public city schools are watched over to a certain degree; and for the general public the purity of food, water, and air is in a measure looked after, but there is left much to be desired. All these things the Unitarians in Washington

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discussed as essentially related to the moral and religious life.

IS THE NOVEL LOSING POPULARITY?

Professor Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, who has a fresh way of dealing with well-worn subjects, controverts the impression which so many critics are conveying that there has been a falling off in the quality of novel-writing, and that the great makers of novels are dead, or, like Mr. Hardy, have ceased to produce. He instances the group of younger novel-writers in England and America, who have already won or are winning their spurs, as disproving this pessimistic conclusion, and goes on to make another statement which will interest many people—that the novel which ten years ago sold by the hundred thousand does not sell so largely to-day, not because people are less interested in fiction, but because they are reading other kinds of literature. The drama has obviously gained ground, and for good and sufficient reasons; and it is not impossible that, as in the days of Shakespeare, it may become again a popular form of expression. History and biography are also very widely read, and the long lists of books on sociology and economics, and relating to all matters of social well-being, register a vast increase in the number of people who are reading the most serious books. Moreover, Professor Burton points out, the leading novelists are taking their art very seriously and are dealing with the fundamental terms in human life. The fiction of our day, he says, has been largely given over to social documents, "instead of furnishing fun in the old-fashioned way." This serious fiction finds its readers among the most thoughtful class in the community, but not among the largest class; while the other kind of fiction attracts those readers who look to books simply for amusement. Professor Burton points out that the price which the serious novelist pays for treating a serious theme is the smaller audience. His general conclusion is that there is no cause for alarm in the lessening sale of serious fiction. It has now a competition which it did not have a few years ago—the competition of a great mass of very serious books dealing with practical questions, many of them deeply altruistic. It is also paying the price of its seriousness. In either case the signs of the time indicate a rising intelligence in readers rather than loss of interest in literary subjects.

THE SCOTCH PLAYERS

Those theater-goers who want to see a picture of real life, instead of something smacking rather of the clever playwright, may well witness "Bunty Pulls the Strings." In it one has a a view of the life lived in dour Scotland. Now, Scotland is not all dour. And Scotland is not all bigotedly narrow. Certainly Scotland is far from being wooden. But there are Scots and Scots, and the literal sort are well depicted by the players at the Comedy Theater in New York. They are all of them Scotch save one, Miss Molly Pearson, who did the part of the slavey in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" when that impressive drama was first put on the stage here. The result of such an amount of "the real Scotch" might be thought to be a bit monotonous, as compared with those essays at dialect with which we are familiar; but, as a matter of fact, the local tang is far from being as emphatic as its imitators would have us believe. Indeed, so gentle is the appeal of the dialect, and so well balanced the general performance, that the unity of impression is doubly emphatic. No other play now on the American stage is quite like "Bunty," nor has there been such a play for a long time. That this has also been true of the London stage has been shown by the crowded houses which have enjoyed it during the many months that have elapsed since "Bunty" was first put on there. Quite aside from the performance itself, the author of the text, Mr. Graham Moffatt, has suddenly come before the public as a remarkable writer of realistic drama in which the note of humor is never absent and the note of pathos never strained.

AN ADVENTURER IN JOURNALISM

Joseph Pulitzer had the great qualities of a pioneer and an adventurer. He was bold, determined, unshackled by precedent, keen to perceive, indefatigable in execution. He might be called the founder of the New York "World," for the feeble and listless journal he bought in 1883 gave him nothing but a title and an opportunity. And he founded not only a new journal but a new journalism. Of the character and influence of that journalism we speak on another page. Here we recognize the man's extraordinary personal force and the romance of his life. The immigrant lad, son of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother, who landed from the steerage in Boston forty-seven years ago,

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had some family traditions, no money, but endless ambition and activity; he died last week many times over a millionaire, still active despite his blindness, a great journalistic force whether for good or evil, and a man of culture with wide intellectual interests. When he failed in one thing he tried another; he was a soldier, a hostler in charge of mules, a steamboat stoker working his way down the Mississippi, and some say a hackman, butler, and waiter. Whatever he worked at, he read incessantly, and he studied law in the intervals. Soon he drifted into newspaper work, and, oddly enough, his first work was done under the supervision of Carl Schurz, then editor of the "Westliche Post" of St. Louis, and a German thinker and worker of as different a type from Mr. Pulitzer as can be imagined. One of his fellow-workers described young Pulitzer at that stage as "the most inquisitive and annoying cub in the business." Soon the "cub" attacked a gang of political grafters, was threatened with assassination, and decided to shoot first. He wounded one of the gang, was fined $100, and shortly after was made Police Commissioner—such was the rough and tumble method of reform in his day. His rise in the journalistic world was rapid; he bought and soon sold an interest in the "Westliche Post," worked for the New York "Sun," bought the St. Louis "Evening Post," out of it made the "Post Despatch," and, sixteen years after he started as a "cub," bought the New York "World" from Jay Gould, who had all but ruined a once respectable paper, for the sum of $348,000, nearly half on credit. Then and there began the new or "yellow" journalism. Some of the achievements of the new "World" were creditable—the popular subscription for a pedestal to the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, for instance; others were politically sensational, like the fierce attacks on Mr. Cleveland with regard to the Venezuela boundary question and the bond issue; others were contemptibly false, such as the assertion that the purchase of the French Panama claims was honeycombed with fraud. But, whatever the merit of the "World's" sensations, they were sure to attract talk, excitement, and resulting circulation. The paper in a few years had paid its debt and multiplied its value over and over again. Mr. Pulitzer is said to have had this placard posted everywhere in the "World" editorial rooms: "Accuracy, terseness, accuracy.—J. P." Terse at least the paper certainly was. Mr. Pulitzer was extremely liberal in his personal gifts; notable among them was his attempt to found a College of Journalism at Columbia; to this end he devoted large sums, but the plan has not yet taken definite form.

WANTED, A CONSTITUTIONAL POLICY

The trust policy of the present Administration is not in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.

The Constitution declares that the object of creating a Federal Government was to "form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Monopoly imperils liberty. The present Administration regards the destruction of monopoly as the only means of safeguarding industrial liberty. It has therefore entered on a campaign for the disorganization of highly organized industry. This campaign neither establishes justice, insures domestic tranquillity, nor promotes the general welfare; and it is wholly ineffectual to secure the blessings of industrial liberty.

The evil of monopoly is not merely that it has power to fix prices, limit output, and deteriorate quality. It has power to crush competition. Therefore it is destructive of industrial liberty. A union of laborers which establishes a labor monopoly denies liberty to the non-union laborer; a union of capitalists which establishes a monopoly denies liberty to the independent organization. But the remedy is not to break up the union, whether of labor or capital.

Capital tried in England for years to break up labor unions by law. It had the power of money, Parliament, the courts, the press, on its side—and failed. Capital has tried in this country, by private war, to break up the unions—and has failed.

For over twenty years the country has been attempting to break up unions of capital—and has failed. It is difficult to prevent such unions. It is impossible to break them up when they have been formed. An attempt to dissolve has been made by the Standard Oil Company. But when the stock of the various allied corporations has been distrib-

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uted among the stockholders of the parent company, those stockholders will still leave the business to be controlled by the few men at the top so long as these few men earn good dividends. The attempt is being made by the Tobacco Trust. What difficulties are encountered we indicate in a paragraph elsewhere in this issue. The impracticability of disorganizing an organized industry has been well put in a *bon mot* attributed to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan: "You can't unscramble an egg." Decrees of courts enforcing the Anti-Trust Law and decreeing the disorganization of organized industry will not secure to this country the blessings of industrial liberty.

The policy of disorganizing organized industry does not insure domestic tranquillity. It does the reverse. It insures agitation, disturbance, anxiety. It makes the country excited, restless, uneasy. To this there would be no objection if this unquiet period led on to industrial peace. But it does not. The business world looks forward with foreboding, not with hopefulness, to the issue of these disturbing attempts to disorganize the industry of the country. The political disturbances in Germany and Italy in the last century were worth while, because they led to a united Germany and a united Italy. The Civil War was worth while, because it led to an indissoluble union. But the proposed revolution in industry, the attempt to prohibit men from uniting, or to limit the right of men to unite, in a common endeavor to develop the resources of the country, promises, not a more perfect union, but disintegration; not peace, but strife; not concord, but babel and destructive competition.

The policy of disorganizing organized industry does not promote the general welfare. Men of integrity and capacity are not invited to employ their capacity in great industrial enterprises by the prospect of a criminal prosecution if they succeed. It has taken twenty years for courts to find out what the Sherman Anti-Trust Law means; and the country does not know now. Mr. Bryan berates the Supreme Court for saying that the rule of reason is to be used in interpreting the law; and capitalists wonder how many followers he has who think that in prosecution of successful men the rule of unreason should be employed. There is no way by which honest men, willing to unite in carrying on a great industry, can ascertain whether their proposed combination is legal or illegal. If they ask the Government, the Government replies, You must take your chances. If they ask the courts, the courts reply, We cannot tell you until you have been indicted as criminals for forming the combination. If, in an hour of National peril, to avert a panic, they propose to take over an additional property, and the President, responsive to their request for information, replies that he sees no objection, the fact that they have asked and he has replied is made an additional count in the indictment against them. Does all this promote the general welfare? No! Capital hesitates, enterprises halt, industry is handicapped. The only way in which great businesses can be carried on in a great country is by great organizations. And a policy which can discover no remedy for the peril of great organizations except to declare them criminal if they are too great, does not promote the general welfare; it invites general adversity.

Yet all this might be endured if it established justice. But it does not. It does what it can to establish injustice. Nothing should be made criminal that is not immoral. If a man uses his power to crush a competitor and drive him out of business, he is guilty of an immoral act. The law may well treat such an act as a crime and punish it. If a group of men combine for the purpose of getting power to crush all competitors and drive them out of business, they are guilty of an immoral act. The law may well treat such an act as a crime and punish it. But if a man has the ability to make better goods than his neighbor and to sell them at a lower price, that is not immoral. If a body of men combine in order to make better goods than their neighbor and sell them at a lower price, that is not immoral. To punish men as criminals because they have the ability to employ thousands of laborers where hundreds were before employed, and to send comfort and equipment into thousands of lives which were before ill supplied or not at all, is not to establish justice. It is to establish monstrous injustice.

The policy which trusts to the disorganization of industrial organizations to protect the country from monopoly is an unconstitutional policy, because it does not tend to produce those results which the Constitution was

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ordained to produce. It does not use the Federal powers for those purposes for which the Federal power was created; it does not secure liberty, nor promote the general welfare, nor insure domestic tranquillity, nor establish justice. On the other hand, it works gross injustice, insures domestic uneasiness, invites general adversity, and leaves industrial liberty unsafeguarded.

What the country wants is a policy which will encourage industrial organization and honor industrial success; and at the same time protect the country from both the causeless fears and the real perils of monopoly, by bringing all the great industrial organizations under Governmental regulation and control. The way to secure industrial liberty is not to weaken industry, but to make it obedient to law.

The history of the past quarter of a century has pointed out clearly the way to justice, tranquillity, general welfare, industrial liberty. We have tried the method of forbidding big organizations of industry, and attempting to disorganize them when formed. The plan has utterly failed. A few years ago we tried the plan of bringing the public service corporations under the supervision and regulation of public service commissions, State and National. So long as we left the Inter-State Commission without power, it was without efficacy. But whenever either a State or the Federal Commission has been clothed with adequate power, railway abuses have diminished; many of them have absolutely ceased. The fears of railway managers have not been justified; the efficiency of railway management has not been interfered with; the people have been protected and business has prospered. With very rare exceptions, the railway is a natural monopoly. We have proved that the way to deal with monopoly is not to destroy it, but to make it subject to law. Regulation, not disorganization, of our great industries is the way to justice, tranquillity, the general welfare, the blessings of liberty. Disorganization is the way to something very different.

If President Taft and Attorney-General Wickersham would devote their legal abilities to working out a scheme for the administration, supervision, and regulation of the great corporations which are engaged in inter-State commerce, they would win great honor for themselves and confer a great blessing upon their country.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY

President Taft has now completed his trip across the country. He has visited Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois again, and Pennsylvania. The journey covered about thirteen thousand miles. Although the trip has not been an easy one, the President comes from the Far West, so we learn from a despatch to the New York "Evening Post," in practically as good physical condition as when he boarded his private car in Boston; only once has his voice grown husky, and only once has he failed to accept an invitation to take part in a function arranged with a view to his presence.

The trip has not been without some peril. Climbing Mount Rainier, the President's automobile skidded. Had it gone eighteen inches further the car and its passengers would have dropped some thousands of feet into the chasm up which they were climbing. On the El Capitan bridge sticks of dynamite with fuse had been placed under one of the central spans, but were fortunately discovered by a watchman, to whom the President probably owes his life. Near Kelso, Nevada, a mishap to the train was narrowly averted by the discovery of a slipping tire on one of the locomotive's wheels. The perils of travel in our time are not great, but they are greater than the perils of staying at home, and the life of the President is of more concern to the Nation than the life of probably any single citizen.

What has been the effect of the President's trip? He has rarely been welcomed with enthusiasm, but generally with cordiality, and always with respect—with, so far as we know, only one exception, when a newspaper brought dishonor upon itself by the publication of a cartoon intended to cast dishonor upon the President. His speech has been characteristically frank. He has told his audiences, not what he thought they wanted to hear, but what he thought they ought to hear. He has strong convictions and has expressed them with strength. Those convictions do not seem to us always consistent, nor always based on a coherent policy; but the inconsistency is never that of a man professing to believe different things in his addresses to different audiences. We do not think that the object of this journey

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has been to promote either his nomination or his election. We believe that its object has been to present to the country policies which he thinks are for the advantage of the country. It has been distinctly a political campaign, but a campaign for National policies, not for personal advancement. We doubt, however, whether it has done much to promote either his personal advancement or the National acceptance of his policies. The echoes of the press confirm the estimate of the Philadelphia "Record:" "Though heartily greeted everywhere by the masses, there is no evidence that their sentiments toward him and his Administration have undergone a favorable change." With this tallies the report of the Chicago "Tribune's" special correspondent, who has been following Mr. Taft. This correspondent reports that while there has been a welcome for him personally, there is no sign that the tour has been a political success.

Mr. Taft has now made two extensive tours of the country; the first in the fall following his election, the second this fall. If the New York "World's" figures are correct, he has a notable record as a traveler. It affirms that since he was named Governor of the Philippines in 1900 he has traveled 275,000 miles, or more than the distance from the earth to the moon. Many, perhaps most, of these journeys were rendered necessary by the duties of his office, first as Governor of the Philippines, afterwards as Secretary of War. But this cannot be said of his two Presidential campaign journeys. Are they advantageous or disadvantageous to the country?

It is an advantage for the country to know personally its President, to see him and to hear his voice. Wherever he speaks, hundreds if not thousands listen to him, and tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands read the report of his address in the papers. He reaches by such a journey more or less directly millions whom he could not reach if he remained in Washington. No other man, however eloquent as a speaker or eminent as a statesman, could reach by his spoken and printed words audiences so great, or reach them with so weighty an influence. He has advantages for conducting a campaign of education which no one else possesses.

On the other hand, we cannot but think that the Administration suffers by his absence from the Capital. We doubt whether any college president could be away from his faculty meetings, any editor from his staff conferences, any corporation president from the meetings of his executive committee, to the extent to which Mr. Taft has been absent from his Cabinet meetings during the two years and eight months of his administration, without serious disadvantage to the interests intrusted to his keeping. If it be granted that some Presidential campaigning is advantageous to the country, it must, we think, be said that Mr. Taft has carried the habit of campaigning quite up to, if not beyond, the limits within which the public interests should confine it.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARDINALS

The College of Cardinals forms a perpetual Cabinet for the Pope, and contains, when all the places are filled, seventy members; but this number of cardinals rarely sits. There are usually ten or fifteen, or even more, vacancies; until the recent appointments the number of cardinals was under fifty. There are three orders of cardinals: cardinal-bishops, cardinal-priests, and cardinal-deacons—six bishops, fifty priests, and fourteen deacons. This body, which in connection with the Pope is known as the Curia, dates back probably a thousand years. At the beginning, the cardinal-deacons, as they were then called, largely had direction of the charitable work of the Church, and served at the Papal masses. The Popes formed the habit of calling upon bishops in neighboring dioceses to represent them at high functions and to aid them with advice, and the cardinals became, by a process of evolution, assistants of the Pope in church ceremonies and festivals, administrators of funds for the poor and of the Papal finances, and general advisers with regard to Papal policy and the management of Papal affairs. As time went on, cardinals were more and more put in the great positions in the Church, and were sent to various parts of the world as Papal legates. They soon outranked bishops and archbishops; the difference of rank within the College was not in any way indicated by their positions in outside relations, where the cardinal-deacons, no less than the cardinal-priests, were on an equality with kings and emperors.

In the Middle Ages, the "Catholic Encyclopædia" tells us, the cardinals tried more than once to secure from the Pope the same pre-eminence which they had secured over the bishops, which would have changed the

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Papacy from a monarchical to an aristocratic form of government, and they endeavored from time to time to bind new Popes by "election capitulations," but these were finally forbidden by Innocent XII. The nominations of cardinals are made by the Pope. The function of creating them takes place in a secret meeting of the College, which is called a consistory. The scarlet biretta, a small skull-cap, is placed on the head of each cardinal at the time of his creation, but the red hat, a broad hat with tassels, which has long been the cardinal's symbol, is not presented until the next public consistory, at which time the title, or the church by which the new cardinal will henceforth be known, is assigned. Cardinal Gibbons, ever since his elevation to the cardinalate, has had a church in Rome. The Roman cardinals are compelled to live in the city; foreign cardinals stay in their dioceses. Cardinal Gibbons was the second American cardinal, his predecessor being Archbishop McCloskey, of the diocese of New York, the metropolitan diocese of the country. Cardinal Gibbons was made cardinal in the year 1886, and his administration of his great office has very recently been described in The Outlook. For many years American Catholics had hoped for more American cardinals, and from time to time reports have definitely pointed to one or two eminent ecclesiastics in this country. There has been a growing feeling that a branch of the Roman Catholic Church so powerful as that in America ought to have more adequate representation in the councils of the Church, and it has been the belief of many well-informed people that Cardinal Gibbons would not have been left the only American cardinal so many years if it had not been for the distrust of American influence on the part of many of the Italian cardinals, who have constituted a kind of close corporation.

The appointment of three additional American cardinals is therefore a matter of moment in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in America; but the appointments will hardly give satisfaction to those Americans, either within or without the Church, who desire to see it in a position to play a great part in the healthy development of American life. Of the three new cardinals, one, Mgr. Falconio, is an Italian by birth who entered the Franciscan order in 1860, and succeeded Cardinal Martinelli in 1902 as Papal Delegate to the United States. His relations with our Government are unofficial; he is a man of tact and ability; but Mgr. Falconio hardly represents the Catholic Church in this country. Archbishop Farley, of New York, another of the three appointees, is an admirable administrator, a man of kindly nature and benignant spirit, who has the respect of the Protestant community as well as of his own people, but who is not, in a large sense of the word, a leader. Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, is a younger man of vigor and ability, but is a representative of the reactionary spirit in the Church. He is the most prominent American representative of the Spanish influence in the Vatican, the chief exponent of which is Cardinal Merry del Val, whose hatred of all things American is a matter of general knowledge. Cardinal Gibbons has endeared himself to the whole religious community, Catholic and Protestant alike, because of his devotion to democratic ideas, his ardent patriotism, and his large-minded attitude towards the religious life of the Nation. Archbishop O'Connell, on the other hand, is an aggressive leader of the narrow school within his own Church, an aristocratic ecclesiastic in a democratic community.

Archbishop O'Connell's career, as head of the American College in Rome and as Archbishop of Boston, has not been such as to identify him with democracy, popular liberty, popular government, and that great movement in all Churches which is seeking, not to modify the essentials of faith, but to shape the policy and develop the instrumentalities to meet the needs of the great social and industrial democracy of our day.

With the present Spanish influence in the Vatican American Protestants naturally have little sympathy. They regard that influence as distinctly calamitous in the life of the Church; and, with the highest regard for the peasant-Pope, who is devoutly religious, ardently concerned for the purity of the Church, and a saint in his life, they recall with regret the large-minded statesmanship of Leo XIII.

If Americans generally had been consulted in the selection of the new group of cardinals, they would have nominated men of the quality of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Archbishop Spalding, of Peoria, and Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque; three eminent ecclesiastics, faithful and devoted servants of the Roman Catholic Church, and also faithful and devoted servants of the American people, who have proved their loyalty both to the Church and to the rising power of democracy,

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who stand for popular rights, for a free Church in a free State, for moral and spiritual brotherhood among Christians; in a word, for a cordial and hearty acceptance of the principles on which the American Republic was founded, and upon which it must stand.

Protestants, and many Catholics, will regret that the Pope has missed a great opportunity of elevating to the College of Cardinals those Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in this country upon whom the American people, without regard to religious differences, look as religious statesmen and natural leaders in the movement for the brotherhood of man.

MR. PULITZER AND AMERICAN JOURNALISM

The death of Joseph Pulitzer, of whose personality and career we give an account elsewhere, has called forth eulogy of him for the impression that he made on American journalism. That impression has been manifest in all parts of the country. The methods used by Mr. Pulitzer's paper, the New York "World," have been imitated not only by some of its neighbors in the metropolis, but by newspapers even in small cities. As one newspaper in a Georgia city has remarked, many features common to the popular newspapers of to-day originated with the "World." It is not unfair to others, who were his close competitors and sometimes surpassed him in his own methods, to say that Mr. Pulitzer was the creator of "yellow journalism." That the "World's" editorial page has usually been conducted with ability is not questioned; that the outward characteristics of the "World" have somewhat improved in later years will, we think, be generally admitted. If, however, later the Hearst papers became the extreme instances of the type, nevertheless Mr. Pulitzer more than any one else originated the type itself. In almost every town large enough to support two daily papers there is at least one that bears in its very outward appearance the stamp of Joseph Pulitzer.

If the influence thus exerted had accorded with the avowed ideals of the man himself, it would have been vastly beneficial. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday Mr. Pulitzer sent a message to the staff of the "World" in which he phrased thus his conception of a great newspaper:

> An institution which should always fight for progress and reform; never tolerate injustice or corruption; always fight demagogues of all parties; never belong to any party; always oppose privileged classes and public plunder; never lack sympathy with the poor; always remain devoted to the public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

If the newspaper which he controlled and the many newspapers which his example influenced had been molded by that conception, a section of the daily press of this country would have become very different from what it is. As a matter of fact, however, the sort of journalism of which these newspapers are examples must be judged, not by profession, but by practice.

Judged thus, these newspapers are distinctive for at least two qualities: first, vast enterprise in the collection and display of all news, important and unimportant; and, second, regard for the tastes and the standards, moral and intellectual, of those in the community whose tastes are least exacting and whose standards are least developed. Neither of these qualities is in itself bad. Indeed, each, if subordinated to conscience and regard for good taste and high standards, can be productive of great good. Search for truth with enterprise is better than search for truth with lassitude; what the lowliest can understand can be understood of all. Modern medical research is an example of the first statement; the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" are examples of the second. It is hardly necessary to state, however, that American newspapers of the type of the "World" are fit examples of neither.

In these newspapers enterprise, instead of being subordinated to conscience and regard for decency, has been devoted mainly to the securing of circulation. It has led to the disregard of truth for the sake of sensation; a disregard of true proportion between the important and unimportant for the sake of attracting attention and pennies by what is startling though ephemeral, to the disregard of restraint in statement, to the disregard of the rights of privacy in the eagerness for information. In these newspapers also the desire to consult the tastes and wishes of the reader has led to a readiness to be vulgar because of the belief that vulgarity is wanted, a readiness to pander to excitement because of the belief that in humdrum lives any kind of excitement is sought, a readiness even to resort to intimidation because of the

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belief that popular feeling can be misled profitably.

What is good in modern popular journalism we believe will endure. The energy that has circled the world with channels of information, making all the world one, the dramatization of what is really dramatic in current history so that the humblest can enter into the life of his brothers wherever they are, the exaltation of simplicity and clarity in statement—these and other good qualities will not be lost. But we misread the minds of the American people, and even the trend of newspapers to-day, if the great multitude of newspaper readers in this land do not ultimately repudiate the assumption that the "yellow journalism" that has flourished, and in a measure is still flourishing, represents their aspirations or the objective of their developing taste.

CHINA AND AMERICA

Whether the Chinese rebellion results in an overthrow of the Manchu dynasty or not, one thing is evident—China can never again be the same. She has emancipated herself.

As the rebellion develops, its causes are increasingly evident. The chief cause is race hatred—the exasperation of the Chinese at the growing incompetence of the Manchu dynasty. At first the brave guards of the Manchu Emperor who supplanted a Chinese Emperor in 1644 gave value received. But the Manchu became less and less a sturdy defender of the Empire—he became ignorant, lazy, unable to earn a living, an opium-eater. No longer superior to the Chinese, most Manchus are now really parasites.

However strong race hatred has come to be in China, another cause operates to arouse the discontent which is so universally the abettor of revolutions—and that is the cost of living. Rice has never been so dear as at present, and rice riots have continually been taking place. Moreover, in the lower Yangtze the distress is being increased by floods. Indeed, in our day no such general floods have ever simultaneously occurred in all parts of China. During many months, so we are informed, destitution and suffering will be unexampled.

Again, there is the problem of taxation. Compared with those of Japan, China's taxes are proportionately light. But at best they are heavy enough, and those tax-gatherers who are grafters—and who have not been grafters?—are glad of the new government buildings, schools, and colleges as an additional cause for imposition. No wonder the people are demanding the readjustment of the salaries of all officials and public servants on a reasonable living basis and a prohibition of the receipt of any sums of money other than taxes from the people. Hitherto graft has received practical official recognition from the fact that salaries have not been sufficient to support life. That a change is coming may be gathered from the following despatch:

> The revolutionists' determination to end the régime of official graft was brought sharply to attention to-day by the execution of an officer who had been appointed to collect funds for the rebel cause. He was caught in an attempt to divert some of the money to his own pocket, and was promptly beheaded.

Another cause of revolt has been provincial jealousy of Imperial control of railways. There is now practically no objection, as there once was, to the building of railways in China. But there is a decided objection on the part of the people of a great province to have the incomes, and especially the "squeezes," from those railways, whether in building or in operation, go to the Imperial capital instead of to the capital of the province in which the railway lies. It has been said that the inhabitants from certain provinces were against making foreign loans so that Chinese railways might be built. If so, it was not so much because of the influence of the foreigner as because native loans, already made, had been squandered, and thus resentment was shown. The people say that, if foreign loans are to be incurred, they should be made by the various provincial governments and not by the Imperial Government. The Chinese provinces will have to learn, however—what provinces have had to learn in every country—that in some things a central government is a better agent of the people than are many small governments, even though they act, when necessary, as a federation.

A final cause of the rebellion is the comparatively rapid but apparently extensive spread of the desire for a constitutional and parliamentary government—one of the most instructive phenomena of contemporary history. The demand for these reforms moved forward with incredible rapidity before the rebellion broke out, and already, if the reports are true, the rebellion has brought to the people of China a degree of progress which

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it might have been expected that only years could have accomplished.

It may be said that such sweeping reforms were gained only because the Imperial Government saw its dissolution otherwise and that, with the re-establishment of law and order, a reaction may be expected. It may be expected, but, in our estimation, it should not be a reaction to be dreaded if our own country, for one, does its duty.

Ours is a twofold duty toward China in the present crisis. In the first place, the relief of suffering must receive immediate attention. Americans have already shown during times of Chinese flood and famine what can be done towards a practical solution of problems. Not only has the American Red Cross sent out supplies in generous quantities, but it has also sent out engineers and advisers, whose advice, if followed, would have made of the lowlands about the Yangzte a great granary and would have turned famine into prosperity. The present distress, and that greater distress which we are told must come, now offer another and larger opportunity for us to be of use to the Chinese. Our Red Cross work has already borne fruit in the establishment of a Chinese Red Cross, but, like every other Chinese endeavor, the Chinese Red Cross will act with a twisted perspective unless guided.

The second part of America's duty towards China is to continue with greater force than ever our influence in the domain of education. We have enjoyed great influence because, in contrast with the policy of Russia, Japan, England, Germany, and France, we have not encroached upon China's territorial or commercial integrity; indeed, when that integrity was assailed, we, alone among the nations, contended for its maintenance and finally obtained the adherence of the Powers. Nor do Chinamen forget that we have remitted to China half the Boxer indemnity. It is not surprising, then, that educationally we have influenced China more than have all the other nations put together, and that the modern schools developed by China during the past five years and now attended by a million five hundred thousand pupils, are chiefly due to our initiative.

The present rebellion does not necessitate, as many are supposing, the cessation for the present of our efforts. Instead we should prepare, on a greater scale than ever, for the unprecedented opportunity to influence China educationally—an opportunity which the reaction after the present convulsion must bring. As the late Chang Chi-tung said, China's only hope is education. If we want to participate in that education, we must not only send *at once* more and better workers to China, but we must change our mission schools and colleges there into union schools, colleges, and universities, and not continue them as merely denominational institutions, thus dividing and minimizing our efforts. The proposed university at Wuchang, after the Oxford plan, uniting all the existing institutions of higher learning in that provincial capital, indicates the way.

A nation is being reborn. A nation is to be remade. Shall we not take our part in that remaking? And shall we not do it *now?*

APPLIED GOOD CITIZENSHIP

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN the current number of "McClure's" Judge A. Z. Blair describes a very extraordinary feat performed in cleansing the politics of Adams County, Ohio, last fall, a feat in which Judge Blair was himself the foremost actor, ably assisted by the prosecuting attorney, Mr. W. P. Stephenson, and by the special Grand Jury, consisting of seven Democrats, seven Republicans, and one Prohibitionist, with ex-Congressman Fenton as Chairman.

It would be difficult to overestimate the service to the cause of popular government—for without honesty popular government is a repulsive farce—rendered by Judge Blair, Mr. Stephenson, and this Grand Jury. It was a great service in itself, and it was a far greater service because it sets an example for all time to the rest of the country. I very much wish that the article in question could be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed by good government clubs, voters' leagues, and the like, as a campaign document in the vital and endless campaign for decency which every good American citizen, whatever his politics, must be constantly waging. It is a lesson in the way to turn high idealism into practical achievement. It is also a lesson of a peculiarly important type in teaching us never for one moment to per-

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mit ourselves to be drawn into the belief that any particular class of our fellow-citizens must be treated as either wicked or virtuous because the individuals who belong to that class follow a given occupation, live in a given locality, profess a given creed, have a given birthplace, or belong to any particular stratum of wealth or social position. We can never get honest government if we treat capitalist or laboring man as either good or bad simply *because* he is a capitalist or laboring man; we can never get justice as between man and man if we fail to treat corporation and labor union exactly alike, each on its merits and according to its behavior. If the head of a corporation swindles and bullies, he is to be condemned with frank severity, no matter what his position in the social or business world; if the head of a labor union employs, or connives at the employment of, a band of thugs as an "entertainment committee" to advance the union's interest by lawless violence, then he is to be condemned just as emphatically as is the arrogant and crooked capitalist—and no more emphatically.

Judge Blair worked in an eminently practical spirit, and no part of the service he has rendered is more important than his perfectly frank admission of the things he himself did that were wrong prior to having his eyes opened to the wrong. Reform is always held back by hypocrisy. In Adams County vote-buying and vote-selling were practically open and universal, just as until a decade ago the giving of rebates by railway men was universal; and the real enemies of reform attacked Judge Blair when he had become thoroughly aroused to the iniquity of the transactions in which he, like almost all others among the good citizens his neighbors, had taken part, just as the enemies of reform attacked the late Mr. Paul Morton when he, for the first time, enabled the Government to take practical action to stop all rebate-giving by frankly setting forth what he himself, like every other railway man, had done in rebate-giving. The cases are parallel.

It has been the fashion to speak as if corruption arose chiefly in cities and among our foreign-born population. Adams County, however, is a purely rural county, with no railway across it when the corruption began, and now with a railway across only one corner. Its people practically all belong to the old American stock. Moreover, instead of being, as many outsiders have assumed, unusually bad people, they are, I think, unusually good people. It was one of the counties in Ohio originally settled by Virginia pioneers. Although a Democratic county, it was intensely loyal to the Union, and sent an extraordinary percentage of its adult men into the Union army. To this day it furnishes, as Judge Blair points out, a markedly large percentage of men to the professions, who go elsewhere to carry on these professions. The people are good Americans who went wrong, *and then themselves corrected the wrong;* and until we, who live in other neighborhoods, ourselves correct the wrongs of our own neighborhoods in similarly resolute fashion, we must make up our minds that they stand well above us when judged by the standards of decent citizenship.

Judge Blair's article itself must be read; it is impossible to give even an abstract. He shows how the very intensity of political conviction among the people led to corruption. The corruption was not caused by capitalists or by corporations; there were practically no capitalists and no corporations in the county. Public officers were, on the whole, honest, and the men who did the vote-buying were, as a rule, in all other relations respectable and upright men. If Judge Blair and his colleagues had contented themselves merely with saying that "the people were always right," that "the people were pure and incorruptible," and that the only sins of consequence committed were always due to "wicked and corrupt capitalists," he would doubtless have had a certain amount of perfunctory applause for his action; but Adams County would have remained as corrupt as it ever was. There are localities, and many of them, where capitalists are in very fact the prime offenders; and a prime need of our political, social, and economic life is to suppress corrupt, and control overgrown, capitalism. But no war for decency will ever avail for permanent good unless we attack the scoundrel simply *because he is a scoundrel*, without regard to whether he is rich or poor.

Judge Blair faced in practical fashion the very curious and ominous situation which actually confronted him. The astounding feature of this situation was that the vote-sellers practically formed an association to intimidate and punish every politician or candidate who dared in any way to interfere with the practice of buying votes. This is one of the most interesting and extraordinary

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incidents in our recent political history, and every real student of contemporary politics, every man genuinely interested in the betterment of our citizenship, should study it. From what Judge Blair says it is evident that finally, simply from motives of self-preservation, the leaders of the two parties did sincerely endeavor by mutual agreement to put a stop to vote-buying, and that the vote-sellers indignantly resented this action and combined to prevent its repetition; and they succeeded in stopping the movement. It was a marvelous instance of the utter cynicism and moral callousness produced by long-continued and uncondemned corruption. Then Judge Blair and those associated with him made up their minds to proceed by drastic action, and, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, they quite properly moved against the vote-sellers, and not the vote-buyers. They acted with equal efficiency and moderation. They punished in a pecuniary way only a few of the ringleaders, who endeavored to perpetuate old conditions; but they disfranchised over a quarter of the voting population of the county. One incident worth noting is that the conscience of the women of the county was aroused to active hostility towards the corruption long before the men's conscience was touched.

The whole incident was extraordinary in itself, and is fraught with the most useful lessons to our people. In closing, let me say again that every man connected with the movement for reform has a right to feel that he made the whole American public his debtor.

THE GOVERNMENT AND STEEL

A POLL OF THE PRESS

BECAUSE of its immense capitalization the United States Steel Corporation is commonly accounted the greatest of all combinations. The United States Government has now taken action against it, however, as The Outlook has already reported, declaring it to be in restraint of trade and a monopoly.

As the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" says:

> The case will be the most important of its kind ever contested. The vastness of the issues at stake will make the legal battle one of the most significant in American history.

For the Government asks not only for the Steel Corporation's dissolution; it also asks for the dissolution of all constituent or subsidiary companies which are alleged to have combined, in defiance of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, to maintain, or attempt to maintain, a monopoly of the steel business. The constituent companies named as defendants are thirty-six in number, and twenty-three individuals are also named as defendants.

In 1901 the United States Steel Corporation was incorporated in New Jersey with a hitherto unheard of capitalization, namely, $1,100,000,000, making it thus the largest corporation in the world. It acquired practically all the issues of capital stock in eleven companies.

Why was this combination made? One reason, according to the Hartford "Times," was "to put a stop to the competitive methods of Andrew Carnegie, which threatened to result in giving that capitalist an absolute monopoly of the steel manufacture in the United States." This journal continues:

> Should the courts attempt to compel the dissolution of the Steel Corporation, the result must be to restore the conditions which prevailed when Mr. Carnegie was threatening to wipe out the business of all rivals by duplicating their establishments.

In addition to the companies at first acquired as subsidiaries, the Steel Corporation subsequently absorbed the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the H. C. Frick Coal Company, and the Great Western Mining Company; through this last-named concern it operated its lease of the Northwestern ore-fields. In his recent report on steel, the Hon. Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, refers to the lease of these Northwestern ore lands from the Great Northern Railway Company, together with the control of the railways which transport ore from the region west of Lake Superior to the lake ports, as constituting the chief advantages in the Steel Corporation's commanding position. "Indeed, in so far as the Steel Corporation's position is of a monopolistic character, it is chiefly through its control of ore holdings and the transportation of ore." As to transportation, the New York "Journal of Commerce" informs us that

> The same rate is now charged to its own subsidiaries as to independent iron and steel

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companies, and the advantage chiefly lies in the fact that it is paid in the one case from one subsidiary to another and goes into the common treasury, while for independent companies it is a full addition to the cost of production.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that through its subsidiary companies the Steel Corporation controls over twenty-five railways.

Acting upon this hint from the Bureau of Corporations, the Steel Corporation recently announced that it would exercise its option of terminating the lease contract by now giving the necessary two years' notice, and would reduce by one-quarter, namely, from eighty to sixty cents a ton, the freight charges for carrying ore.

But, in the Government's opinion, as expressed in its bill of complaint against the Steel Corporation, ore holdings and freight rates do not constitute all of the Corporation's offense in restraint of trade. As the Topeka "Capital" points out—

Interlocking directorates for the first time come in for emphasis in the action to dissolve the Steel Corporation. The Gary "dinners," composed not of heads of subsidiary corporations of the Steel Trust, but of these heads and the heads of competing companies, are attacked by the Government as conspiracies to prevent natural competition. The Government makes a strong point when it brings in the interlocking directorate system. This is the "System" in fact. . . . If it has seemed a problem for the Tobacco Company to dissolve, what will Wall Street say of the divorce which the Government requires between steel rails and railroads, between railroads and banks, between life insurance funds and watered stocks, partnerships that the Government proposes to dissolve, in breaking up the widespread alliances which head in the Steel Corporation? . . . Senator La Follette might have written the bill for the dissolution of the Steel Trust. It is as far-reaching as anything in his speeches—a Government case against the Community of Interests.

Hence the Philadelphia "Record" concludes that

The Steel Trust dominates the market for billets and other basic steel products, rails, steel plates, tinplate, wire, and structural iron, as completely as the Oil Trust dominates the market for petroleum and its various derivatives.

This statement is contradicted by the Pittsburgh "Dispatch" as follows:

It is to be recognized that, although the Steel Corporation has used its influence towards sustaining prices, it had no such monopoly in various forms as to be able to suppress competition. Manufacturers would attend Judge Gary's "social dinners," highly resolve there that prices must be maintained, and then go away, and when a desirable contract offered, shade the figures to secure it. This has been signally the process by which the prices of billets, bars, sheets, plates, pipes, and shapes have this year gradually declined to very nearly hard-pan.

On this the New York "Sun" remarks as follows:

The assertion that there is such an "interlacery" of the relations of the directors of the United States Steel Corporation with those of other large business concerns as to render the corporation unlawful, will not hold water for an instant. There is no principle known to our jurisprudence by means of which a director of one corporation can be forbidden to act as director in another; and an attempt to enforce such a prohibition is ridiculous. To say that the meetings of men engaged in the iron and steel business at the Gary dinners, at which matters of common interest were openly discussed, are a means of conspiracy is an argument than which nothing could be more feeble. Men in the iron and steel trade have a right experimentally to talk over their affairs with each other, the same as people in other trades do and have done from time immemorial.

If these matters are eliminated, the impression largely prevails as reflected by the New Haven "Journal-Courier:"

It would seem, from a careful perusal of the case presented by the Department of Justice, that the country is about to see tried a corporation more on account of its size than its conduct in restraint of trade.

If so, the Baltimore "Evening Sun" declares that

The discouraging thing about the whole situation is the apparent futility of these spectacular performances of the Government. The day of small competition is past, and we are not going to return to it. Big business is going to survive, and it ought to survive.

The Philadelphia "Inquirer" finds the Government's bill of complaint "a good deal more like a stump speech than a cold piece of legal pleading."

It winds up with the conclusion that the corporation is illegal, that it must be dissolved into its original components, not the few corporations which finally made the Trust, but all the underlying companies involved. On the same basis the Pennsylvania Railroad Company ought to be separated into its component parts, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company reduced to single car lines, and every department store in the country cut up into a lot of petty shops.

Nevertheless, the Washington "Star" concludes that

No real harm can be done to legitimate business by the filing of this suit. The Government asks for no destruction of property, but rather for its conservation. It is merely seeking to compel one of the largest of American

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corporations to comply in its corporate form to the statutes. In view of all the circumstances the Government is proceeding conservatively, and if business is injured by its action it will probably be because public confidence has been deliberately shaken by speculative interests intent upon running the stock market to lower levels, or disturbed by the proceedings of the very corporations against which the Administration has moved.

As was expected, pursuant to the Government's action the Steel Corporation issued a statement washing its hands of responsibility and blaming the Government for whatever loss any investor may hereafter incur. This, says the New York "Evening Post," was in somewhat questionable taste.

If the Steel Corporation is hereafter adjudged by the Court not to have violated the Anti-Trust Law and not to have broken down the conditions of equal competition and legitimate trade, then there is not the slightest reason why the investor in the shares will be any worse off hereafter than he is to-day. More than that, a harassing uncertainty, which must always have operated against the value of his stock, would be permanently removed. The holder of Steel would at least have no more cause of complaint against the Government than he has had, on more than one occasion in the past, against the individuals who inspired him with false expectations regarding Steel as an investment, and induced him to pay an extravagant price for it. And if the Government were to win the suit and the Trust were to be dissolved, it is quite as true as it was before that the property is there, and the Courts which dissolved the holding company would protect the investor in his rights to it. There is no question of confiscation in the matter and there is infinitely less question of shattered market valuations than there would have been if the suit had been brought when Steel common was at 94⅞, two years ago, or when it was squeezing its working capital to pay dividends, in the first years of its history.

Then it is said that the existence of the Corporation has been a benefit, and not an injury, to its employees, its customers, its competitors, the stockholders, and, inclusive of all, the general public. So thinks the New York "Journal of Commerce," which says:

And it need not be denied that the employees may have been benefited, although when operation has been curtailed to keep prices up, some of them have been without work and presumably without wages. Whether customers, that is, purchasers of the products, have been benefited by the control exercised over prices is a question. Perhaps some competitors have been benefited, and it is quite likely that others have not. But does not this claim imply that there has not been real competition between the corporation and its "competitors"? As to "the general public," that is the only one of these enumerated "parties" really concerned in the question of "harm" or "benefit" in the prosecution, which is not instituted in behalf of employees, customers, or competitors, except as a part of the "general public." What is chiefly involved is a question of public policy and the maintenance of the law intended for its support. Has the Corporation violated that law? is the issue.

In any case, the Steel Corporation's methods should be sharply distinguished from those of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, against which the Government has also proceeded. As the Cleveland "Leader" says:

To the extent of common knowledge the so-called Steel Trust has been one of the cleanest and fairest of big business interests. Its methods have borne none of the stain of piratical unfairness that has marked so many of the large combinations. It has distributed its stock-holding more widely among the public than has any other similar business enterprise in the world. . . The Steel Corporation's innocence of competition-crushing methods is made as plain as day by the great number of independent steel companies that are existing and flourishing and extending their trade year by year.

The suspicion, whether well grounded or not, that politics may have had something to do with the Government's suit, is thus expressed by the Springfield "Republican:"

It seems impossible not to believe that a political competition with the Stanley Committee has been entered into by the Administration. . . . There are also evidences of haste in the final preparation of the Government's case, for the Stanley Committee was to resume its inquiry in December with the manifest purpose of digging up campaign material to be used against the Republicans, while at last accounts the investigation into the affairs of the Steel Corporation by the United States Bureau of Corporations was not fully completed.

A similar view is taken by the Washington "Post," which, after pointing out the highly rhetorical nature of the Government's bill, says that it reads more like a political campaign document than a sober recital of facts.

This has already given rise to the charge that the suit is, in part, a political move, designed to blanket the work of the Stanley Committee and forestall its report. It is incredible, however, that the Government should have been inspired purely by political motives in this last and most serious clash with business.

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MADERO OF MEXICO

BY EDWIN EMERSON

NOW that the expected has happened and Francisco I. Madero has come into his own as President of Mexico, the figure of this quondam idealist and rebel, perched upon the former seat of one of the most powerful of modern rulers, bids fair to loom much larger in the eyes of the world.

What will this little man do with the momentous problems and responsibilities so unwillingly left him by his great predecessor?

Madero's present popularity furnishes no answer to this question, for popular acclaim is notoriously fickle and untrustworthy—above all, in Latin America. Madero's predecessor only one short year ago was apparently the most popular hero of Latin America. Now he is a homeless outcast, and the glory of his rule is being pecked to pieces by his ingrate countrymen. In like manner Madero's overwhelmingly triumphant election to the Presidency furnishes no guarantee whatever for his future.

If President Madero is as wise as his present flatterers claim him to be, he will remember that the worst ruler who ever cursed Mexico—Manuel Gonzales—was elected to the Presidency by the most nearly unanimous vote ever achieved by any popular candidate in Mexico. Four years later Gonzales ended his ignoble Presidential career under a cloud of universal execration and contempt. Even the children on the street spat after him as he passed by.

What is left now of the one-time glorious popularity of all those former idols of Mexican acclaim—Iturbide, Bustamente, Santa Aña, Comonfort, Miramon, Lerdo, and other favorites of the people? Only the one name of Benito Juarez—and he an Indian—has emerged from all that historical ash-heap untarnished by infamy or disgrace.

Yet it is an axiom of Latin-American history that the Mexican people—ignorant, superstitious, unruly, and fickle as they have ever shown themselves to be—never fell away from their idols of the hour until driven to it by the flagrant dishonesty, treachery, and general corruption of the rulers themselves.

It is safe to predict, therefore, that Madero's fate as a ruler depends wholly upon himself. Will he be true to his fair promises, true to himself as an idealist and a reformer, or will he let himself be drawn down to the depths of those other fallen heroes of Mexico, who, starting as self-professed reformers and liberators, ended their careers as hated despots and robbers of the people?

With Madero, as with any other full-grown man, the only way to divine what he may or may not do in the future is to know for a certainty how he has borne himself in the past. What are his antecedents of race and family? How was he reared? Who have been his chosen friends and helpmates? What temptations have beset him, and how did he carry himself? How much has he suffered? And, above all, what has he done?

President Madero, as all the world now knows, is a little man. He is barely five feet four in height, and weighs less than one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His figure is slight, his hands and feet are slender and small. The head seems a trifle too large for the small body that supports it. His hair, though still brown, is beginning to grow rather thin. Under the brown mustache can be discerned the sharp lines of a firm but delicately shaped mouth, while a fairly prominent chin is not concealed under the close-cropped beard. Were Mr. Madero an American or a man of Teuton race, he would be called dark. Being a Mexican, he is considered fair. The expression of his face is kindly and intelligent. In conversation his brown eyes light up with a quick, warm look, while his voice thrills with a note of sincerity and candor. Only at moments of stress does it rise to a high, shrill note.

In a word, the general impression conveyed by Madero's personality is that of a sympathetic figure. The Mexicans call him *un muchacho simpático*—"a good lad." This general verdict is confirmed by those who know him most intimately—by his former playmates, friends of the family, and some of his more recent comrades in fair and foul weather. Under this sympathetic exterior, however, lies hidden a character of dogged perseverance, high moral and physical courage, and even fanaticism when it comes to any question of patriotism or righting wrongs.

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Francisco Indalecio Madero was born on October 4, 1873, on the Hacienda del Rosario, one of the estates of his grandfather, the late Evaristo Madero, in the State of Coahuila, in northern Mexico. Properly speaking, he should be called Francisco Madero, Junior, since his father, the elder Don Francisco, still lives. There is still another Don Francisco Madero, a brother of the late Don Evaristo. The people of Coahuila commonly distinguished these three Franciscos of the Madero family by calling the old great-uncle Don Francisco Tio, while the father and son go by the respective diminutives of Don Pancho and Don Panchito. The mother, Doña Mercedes Gonzalez Treviño, is a daughter of the great family of landholders on the northern frontier, of which old General Treviño is the most illustrious scion.

Don Panchito is the eldest of a large family of thirteen brothers and sisters, all of whom gave him their full support throughout the trying times of his martyrdom and the revolution. Besides all these brothers and sisters there are innumerable uncles, aunts, cousins, and relatives by marriage, for Don Evaristo, the grandfather, was married twice and reared fourteen children. At a recent reunion of the Madero family, shortly before Don Evaristo's death, there came together no less than 130 members of the tribe who could call each other first cousins.

Almost all the members of the Madero family are well-to-do, while not a few are very rich; for Don Evaristo not only left behind him a fortune amounting to more than $25,000,000, but many of his children and grandchildren have contracted marriages with members of other rich *hacendado* families. All, with a single exception, have married Mexicans. Among them all, so the family boasts, there has never been a single drunkard or criminal. The nearest the family ever came to disgrace was when Don Panchito, on account of his political utterances, was arrested and imprisoned by Porfirio Diaz; but then the whole family stood behind him and gave him their united support, even though some of them did not share his political enthusiasms.

While Madero's revolution was at its height it was claimed by the Diaz Government that both his father and grandfather had repudiated all of Panchito's actions and aspirations, and that he had been formally disinherited by his grandfather; but when Don Evaristo died, shortly before the battle of Juarez, and his will was read, this proved to be false. After the revolution had triumphed it became known that Panchito's father had aided his son with no less than $400,000. Other members of the family, particularly Panchito's brothers Gustavo and Raoul and his uncle Ernesto Madero, gave sums aggregating several hundred thousand dollars. Taking into account his own private fortune staked upon the enterprise, the Madero revolution was found to have been financed for nearly a million dollars by members of the Madero family alone.

During the first ten years of his early manhood young Madero devoted himself entirely to the management and improvement of the family estates of Menfis, Tevas, Palmira, and Santa Anita, which, under his control, came to be reckoned among the richest and most productive agricultural tracts of northern Mexico. By the introduction of modern agricultural methods and a thoroughly scientific recourse to irrigation, young Francisco Madero was able to introduce and profitably to grow, not only the old accustomed Mexican products of corn, beans, tequilla, and sugar, but also olives, grapes, and raisins, the products of which, in the form of wine and olive oil, have become celebrated all over Mexico. In addition to raising such products, young Madero also took a lively interest in the mineral resources of the family estates, leading to the development by himself, together with other partners, of several rich gold and copper mines, aided by the construction of modern-built stamp mills and smelters. While devoting himself to these profitable pursuits young Madero won an enviable reputation among Mexican landholders by his wise and humane treatment of the thousands of natives employed on the vast Madero estates. Thus he came to be known as an inveterate foe of those iniquitous systems of peonage and contract labor which have so long been the curse of the poor natives of Mexico. In particular he won the affection and the loyalty of the men employed by him by an act of heroism, at one time, when he saved the lives of two of his men who were being swept away in the swollen floods of the Rio San Pedro. On this occasion Francisco Madero tore loose from the grasp of others who tried to hold him back, and, with all his clothes on, dived into the rushing flood after the drowning men. All three were swept down stream for nearly a mile, and Don

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Panchito was all but drowned himself by one of the others who dragged him down with him. By the time he succeeded in pulling the second man ashore he was so spent from the violent effort that he lost consciousness.

In 1900, in his twenty-seventh year, Panchito came to the city of Mexico, where his parents maintain a handsome city house, and it was there that he was married to Señorita Pérez. The resolute character of Doña Sara, as shown during the most trying moments of the revolution, when her husband was imprisoned and became a proscribed fugitive and rebel, is believed by all those who know her intimately to have had a marked influence on the mental development and subsequent career of her husband.

From this time, at all events, young Madero began to take a much livelier interest in public affairs and in the fate of his country. He himself thus describes his awakening:

> Like the majority of my countrymen of the better classes, I was living a tranquil life, with all my efforts spent upon my private business, and fully occupied with the thousand futilities which fill up our social life—an existence, in short, thoroughly flat and sterile. Public affairs concerned me little, and I did not even try to take any interest in them, accustomed as I was to see how all those around me accepted things as they were in a spirit of stoic resignation. Like all the rest, I simply let myself drift with the stream, buoyed up by nothing but selfishness.
>
> I belonged by birth to the privileged class; my family was one of the richest and most influential in our native State; neither I nor any other member of my family had any personal reason for lifting a hand against General Diaz, nor against his Ministers, nor against the governors of our State, nor indeed against any of our local authorities. By all these officials we were invariably treated with distinguished consideration.
>
> My criminal indifference—a characteristic product of the times—was subjected to a rude shock by the election massacres in Monterey on April 2, 1903. This tragedy, which was witnessed by some of my kinsmen and friends, who with their own eyes saw the cowardly ambuscade prepared for the independent voters of Monterey, made a most painful and lasting impression upon me.

Immediately after this, Madero took up the cause of the independent voters, first in his own State of Coahuila, and afterward all over Mexico. He founded a new political organization, which he called the Club Democratico Benito Juarez, with branch organizations of the same name in almost every State of Mexico. With the help of these clubs he gave a new movement to Mexican politics by introducing our North American procedure of State conventions, culminating in a national convention of the new Democratic party of Mexico held at the capital.

By 1905 Madero had become the acknowledged leader of the only truly independent voters of Mexico, and he now came out openly against the Diaz Government in the gubernatorial campaign of Coahuila. When the political fight was at its height, a warrant was issued for his arrest, but before it could be executed General Diaz sent a private telegraphic order from the capital staying the warrant. Madero's arrest at this time would have served no purpose whatsoever, since the Diaz Government had the situation so well in hand that Madero and his followers scarcely got a "look in" at the polls.

After this defeat Madero went to work harder than ever to prepare for the next Presidential election in 1910, especially when it became known that General Diaz meant to have himself re-elected, and that he purposed to set up Ramón Corral, one of the most discredited public men of Mexico, as his Vice-President.

By way of preparing for this campaign Don Francisco wrote his now famous book, "The Presidential Succession of 1910." This book made a tremendous sensation in Mexico. It was published by the author himself at his home town of San Pedro in Coahuila, but had scarcely been issued when its sale or distribution was prohibited by the Diaz Government. The printer was cast into prison, and all copies that the Government could lay its hands on were destroyed.

Madero's book owed its sensational effect not only to the fearlessness of its attack upon the existing régime—a thing unheard of in Mexico for over a generation—but more still to the simplicity and clearness of its style, to its solid historical arguments, and to the manifest spirit of fairness and justice which inspired its utterances.

Owing to the known spiritualistic beliefs of young Madero, it was pretended by his enemies that the book was nothing but a spiritualistic pamphlet. Madero himself, so it was claimed, had confessed that he wrote the book in a series of spiritualistic trances at the dictation of one of his dead brothers. Those who circulated this silly story could never have read even the first

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few pages of Madero's book. So far from reading like a spiritualistic pamphlet, it reads rather like the dispassionate thesis of an unusually well-informed and enlightened modern historian. Even General Diaz himself must have been impressed with the fair and generous tributes paid to him for whatever was good in his Government.

Thus in the chapter devoted to Porfirio Diaz we read:

> It was no personal or family feud, nor other enmity, which led me to write this book. As a matter of fact, I esteem General Diaz, nor can I help admiring a man who, after distinguishing himself in the defense of our country and after enjoying for more than thirty years the most absolute of powers, still bore himself with such moderation that history records but few equals. . . . Furthermore, his private life, simple and irreproachable as it has been, has proved a constant source of energy which enabled him to display astonishing activities.
>
> Under the able and long-continued administration of General Diaz the increase of our commerce has been fabulous; the sources of our private and public wealth have augmented considerably; our railway net is extending farther and farther; our seaports have been improved with magnificent public works rendering them accessible for ships of deep draught; our big cities have been drained, streets have been paved, and magnificent new public buildings have been erected all over the country. All this is undeniable. In the direction of progress—economic, industrial, mercantile, agricultural, and mining—General Diaz has done all the good for our country that he possibly could do.
>
> The best proof of our material progress and of the fact that our national finances are in an admirable condition is to be found in the circumstance that the income from our exports in the form of customs and taxes far exceeds the interest on our national debt, which has increased considerably under the Diaz Administration.

This is not the language of a special pleader or of a theorizing idealist blinded by political passion. Having thus rendered unto Cæsar what was due to Cæsar, the author was all the better able to arraign the faults and past crimes of Diaz's Government in a way that was at once terrible and convincing.

Inasmuch as Madero's book was almost totally suppressed by General Diaz, its effect, apart from making Madero a marked man, was all but negative so far as the political campaign of 1910 was concerned. Still, some of its seed fell on good ground, and the reputation for fearlessness that it gave to its author placed Madero in the front rank as the only candidate for the Presidency bold enough to run against Diaz.

For a short while General Diaz tolerated this opposition candidacy, but as soon as Madero began to travel about the country organizing anti-Government clubs and making open speeches against Diaz's re-election things began to happen. One of Madero's fellow-workers, a young lawyer named Roque Estrada, was arrested and taken to prison. Madero furnished bail for Roque Estrada, and then helped him to escape, forfeiting his bail. Immediately after this, on the night of June 7, 1910, Madero himself was arrested at Monterey. As he was being taken to the penitentiary his wife tried to accompany him, but was beaten back so ruthlessly by the soldiers that she swooned. As soon as she regained consciousness she followed her husband to the penitentiary, where she insisted on spending the night and all of the next day near his cell. She was not allowed to see her husband, however, as Judge Treviño, who had issued the warrant for Madero, had ordered him to be kept *incommunicado*.

The warrant on which Madero was arrested, contrary to the laws of Mexico, contained no formal charge, neither did it bear the signature or the seal of the judge who committed him. A few days later, when the prisoner was formally arraigned, a mass of more or less contradictory charges were preferred against him. First, it was claimed that he had been arrested because he had hurled insults at the police; next, that he had aided and abetted Roque Estrada in his escape from justice; next, that he had incited rebellion and committed criminal libel against President Diaz during a speech made by him at San Luis Potosi. None of these charges was supported by a scintilla of evidence, so at last Madero was recommitted to prison on a charge of having libeled one Juan Orci, a political henchman of Ramón Corral.

Madero was kept in prison just long enough to nullify even the last remote chances he might have had in his candidacy for the Presidency. Finally, when the triumphant re-election of President Diaz was once more announced from every part of the Republic, Madero's friends were allowed to bail him out for the sum of $10,000. The only reason why Panchito was suffered to live and to emerge from prison, so it was explained by a gentleman of the Diaz inner circle, was because of the presence of so many distinguished foreigners and newspaper correspondents in the capital on the occasion of Mexico's centennial of independ-

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ence in September, 1910. General Diaz did not care to spoil the good effect of this resplendent demonstration by any awkward stories of political persecution in Mexico.

As soon as Madero was released from prison he betook himself to San Luis Potosi, and there, on October 5, 1910, he published his famous cry to arms, formulated on a definite political platform known as the "Plan of San Luis Potosi."

Madero's "plan" opened with this sentence: "All sovereign peoples, while striving constantly after the ideals of liberty and justice, find themselves compelled at certain moments of crisis to undergo heavy sacrifices. Our dear country has arrived at such a moment. A tyranny the like of which no people should be made to endure weighs down upon us. In exchange for this tyranny we are offered peace. But peace without freedom and without justice is not a blessing but a disgrace. It is better for our Mexican people to fight and to suffer than to continue to enjoy so shameful a boon."

The main principles of Madero's platform were expressed in the two catchwords, "Effective Suffrage" and "No Re-election." In the "plan," the full text of which contained some three thousand words, Madero pointed out that these desired reforms of honest elections and rotation in office were precisely the promises which Porfirio Diaz made in his famous revolutionary "Plan of Noria," when he rose against Juarez in 1871.

Other significant reforms insisted upon in Madero's "plan" were a more equitable distribution of the vast stretches of fertile soil then held in the hands of but a few rich landholders; free restitution of the land wrested from Indian tribes, such as the Yaquis and Mayas; liberation of all political prisoners and of all Yaqui prisoners of war condemned to peonage; abolition of the military practice of making soldiers out of condemned criminals; and, above all, positive guarantees for the constitutional rights of free speech and a free press.

Madero's cry to arms ended with this ringing sentence: "Take up arms, my people, drive the despots from power, recover your rights of free men. Remember our forebears who left us a heritage of glory which we must not stain. Be like them, invincible in war, magnanimous in victory!"

When Madero issued this manifesto he fixed the night of November 29, 1910, as the date for a general rising. His plan was discovered prematurely, however, and he had to flee the country before that date. His principal fellow-conspirator, Alfredo Dominguez, was arrested in Mexico City, together with several others. Owing to this premature discovery, Madero's agents in Puebla thought best to make their rising earlier than the date originally set. Thus the revolution broke out on November 20, with the abortive rising and massacre of Aguiles Serdan and his friends in Puebla.

The subsequent history of the revolution centered almost entirely around the personality of Madero. After purchasing large quantities of arms and ammunition in the United States, he went to San Antonio, Texas, and thence to El Paso, where he established revolutionary juntas, backed up by another junta in Washington, D. C. A warrant of arrest for violation of our neutrality laws having been issued against him in Texas, Madero, with a handful of his followers, crossed over into Chihuahua and entered actively into the campaign of Chihuahua, which presently extended to the neighboring States of Sonora and Sinaloa. The first battle of any note was fought at Mal Paso, where Pasqual Orozco's rebels routed a detachment of Federals. The next battle, at Ojinaga, proved a reverse for the revolutionists, but they rallied so quickly and became so threatening that new Federal forces under Generals Navarro and Luque had to be sent into Chihuahua. General Navarro, upon his entry into the campaign, suffered a serious reverse at Cerro Prieto.

Now General Navarro and his column of Federals were cut off from General Luque, who shut himself up in Ojinaga, where he remained inactive throughout the rest of the campaign. President Diaz was compelled to send out another column of Federals in aid of General Navarro, whose situation had become critical.

Meanwhile the revolution gained impetus in the States of Sonora, Sinaloa, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, and Yucatan. While the Government was kept busy trying to suppress these risings Madero shifted his objective from the capital of Chihuahua to Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso.

Had Madero been more of a strategist he might have captured Ciudad Juarez at this early stage in the revolution, but his forces moved so slowly that a Federal column under Colonel Rábago, who was falling back from

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Casas Grandes, in Chihuahua, was able to fight its way back into Ciudad Juarez.

For a while it looked as if the Government would be successful in suffocating the revolution, but Madero's adherents, though elusive, still gave so much trouble in Chihuahua and Sonora, cutting railways and telegraph lines, helping themselves to horses and driving off cattle, that President Diaz despatched another strong military expedition to the frontier under Colonel Cuellar, one of the most promising officers of the Mexican General Staff. Cuellar and Madero locked horns in an all but decisive battle at Casas Grandes, where both rival leaders were wounded—Cuellar losing an arm, while Madero was shot through the wrist of his sword arm.

After this Federal victory the Diaz Government was jubilant, and all the Government organs published stories to the effect that Madero had been killed and that his forces had been utterly dispersed. But the war in Chihuahua somehow went on, and Madero himself reappeared so soon in the field, giving out interviews to American war correspondents at widely scattered points, that the Mexican people all over the Republic came to a realization that this man was too much for Diaz. At the same time Madero's preliminary work of sending arms and money to his most trusted sympathizers at different points of the Republic began to have telling effect.

While the forces under the direct command of Madero were reorganizing in Chihuahua the revolution extended to all the neighboring States, and roving bands of Maderists harassed all the Government's railways and seaports as far south as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. By the time that Madero resumed the offensive and marched for Ciudad Juarez at the head of all the various bands raised by Orozco, Villa, Blanco, Dosal, Cardenas, aided by strong contingents of American soldiers of fortune, all Mexico was in a ferment. Madero's friend Ambrosio Figueroa, in the south, had been able to raise a revolutionary army of more than six thousand men, with which he overran the State of Guerrero and gave trouble even within a few leagues of Mexico City. It was plain to all now that there was no military man in all of Diaz's army strong enough to stem the rising tide. In despair General Diaz ordered the recall of his former Minister of War and later rival, General Bernardo Reyes, whom he had exiled to Europe. General Reyes obeyed the summons, but it was too late.

Fighting of a serious nature was resumed along the northern frontier, and the resulting damage to American interests, especially at El Paso, Douglas, Bisbee, and Nogalez, served to heighten the Mexican people's dread of foreign intervention on the part of the American "maneuver division" concentrated along the border.

Peace negotiations were attempted by the Diaz Government through the medium of Messrs. Braniff, Obregon, and Judge Carbajal, as well as through Don Francisco Madero the elder, and other relatives of Madero who were furnished with safe conduct through the Federal lines. A brief armistice was concluded, and for a while it looked as if peace might be brought about, especially after Madero's generous offer to relinquish his Presidential aspirations if General Diaz would promise to resign and would fix a date for his resignation; but General Diaz was so vague in his concessions that it all came to naught and hostilities were resumed amid mutual recriminations.

Rather than risk American intervention at Juarez, Madero now announced that he would withdraw his army from the frontier to march southward upon the capital of Chihuahua. This retrograde movement, undertaken against the better judgment of Madero's foreign military advisers, Viljoen and Garibaldi, as well as against the protests of such experienced guerrilla fighters as Orozco, Villa, Blanco, and the American soldiers of fortune, was actually begun. At the moment, though, when Madero's rear guard of Americans received orders to draw off from their trenches close to Ciudad Juarez, and the Mexican troops in the city were already rejoicing over the lifting of the siege, the Americans got out of hand and a small detachment of them succeeded in rushing the trenches of their Federal enemies and managed to get into the bull ring.

Madero, as soon as he heard of this unexpected rear-guard action, tried to stop the fighting, and sent one of his officers with a white flag to propose another truce to General Navarro, the Federal commandant of Juarez, but the bearer of the white flag was shot from his horse, and this so enraged the fighting rebels that they redoubled their efforts and got well into the city. Rather than leave their fighting comrades in the lurch, Pasqual Orozco, Blanco, and Villa, in frank disobedience of Madero's orders, turned their columns and fought their way

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back into Juarez, to the rescue of their American comrades penned up in the bull ring.

The fight had now become so general that Madero had to make the best of it, and, letting all his men enter into the battle, they pressed home the advantage gained by the first fierce onslaught with such telling effect that the Federal commander lost heart and surrendered.

This unlooked-for success, won in spite of Madero, as it were, proved a decisive victory for his cause, and practically ended the war. Though Madero had not shone as a military commander or strategist, a thing he never claimed to be, he shone all the more by his generosity to the vanquished, and by his able administrative acts for the immediate restoration of peace and order in Juarez. Thanks to his firm attitude, there were no deplorable excesses of any kind—no drunkenness, no looting, and no bloody reprisals upon helpless men, such as disgraced the revolution in some other parts of Mexico.

Madero at Juarez not only brought about an immediate resumption of business by keeping all Government employees, except the actual fighting men, in their regular positions, and by his tactful attitude toward the American authorities across the border, but he also made the city livable again by his wise sanitary measures and by his humane encouragement of all hospital and Red Cross work, for which he paid most of the expenses out of his own private purse.

This won him the respect even of his enemies. This esteem was raised to admiration by his high personal courage, shown at the most critical moment of his career, when his most trusted officer, Pasqual Orozco, mutinied and tried to make him a prisoner unless he consented to the massacre of the captive Federal commander and his paroled officers. Though alone and quite helpless in his little tent against the giant Orozco and his armed followers, Madero in this trying moment never yielded an inch, but actually faced down the mutineers by a few quiet words, appealing to their better nature. He followed this up by taking the threatened Federal general single-handed from his scowling guards, after which he conducted him personally to the bank of the Rio Grande, whence General Navarro could cross to the American side and to safety.

This one brave act, as well as his magnanimous forgiveness of Orozco's rash insubordination, won the heart of the Mexican people more for Madero than any other act in his revolutionary career. After this Madero had all the sympathy of the Mexican people, while General Diaz had practically none. The cause of the revolution triumphed by the conquest of public opinion rather than by arms. This alone explains why the loss of a single city on the farthest frontier should have been enough to drive so firmly established a dictator as General Diaz from his throne and from his country.

All of Madero's subsequent conduct, during his triumphant return to the capital and his tour of the country while restoring order and mustering out his troublesome followers, under the interim Presidency of Francisco de la Barra, served to shed further light on his estimable qualities for political leadership, such as honesty, earnestness, fairness, liberality, magnanimity, modesty, and, above all, common horse-sense and kindly tact.

Whether these qualities alone, without the glamour of high military achievements and without the fear inspired by the iron rule of the sword, will be enough to hold so fickle and troublesome a people as the Mexicans are remains to be seen. If Madero succeeds in serving out his full term as President, and if he keeps true to his promise not to try to perpetuate his rule, he will have done more for his country than did all the wealth of foreign gold which poured into Mexico during the long rule of Porfirio Diaz.

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WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WHENEVER you go abroad for a long stay it's always the same old story. For a while you rush about with rapture from ruin to gallery, from noted cathedral to noted café. You climb Switzerland and swim about in gondolas, and then snuggle down comfortably in some adorable corner of the Tyrol that is all rose gardens and brawling river, peasant costumes and picturesqueness.

Then you ask yourself how you can ever again bear Cleveland, Ohio, and straightway are seized with a wild conviction that you must behold Cleveland at once or die.

So you rush to the post-office and wire Cook, and have the most heavenly sensation all up and down your spine when at last you again discern Miss Liberty still futilely trying to purge heaven of the smoke from those Jersey refineries with her most inadequate shower-bath fixture.

Now, why is it that we Americans never can stay contentedly on the Continent more than a few months at a time? The trouble is that the Continental men always get on your nerves after a while. The women are different. It is surprising how homogeneous the sex is, the world over. Somehow they are always so womanly.

But the men! After a certain length of time one invariably begins to tire of them and to long for the sight of a crowd of clean-cut young American fellows. In default of these one is duly grateful for a few Englishmen, especially in their own land.

But why does the Continental man wear so badly? What is the matter with him? Something serious, surely, to offset his very evident fascinations. For where in Anglo-Saxondom is one to look for a body of men so perfectly groomed in mind and body and manner as the well-born young Romans or Dresdeners or Parisians?

The reason is that the Continental is not quite manly enough. True, he makes a brave show of masculinity with his super-virile whiskers, his organ-pedal voice, his eagerness to slay you upon the slightest provocation. But in our eyes, at least, his manhood has this one fatal defect: he is not a "good sport." His view of sportsmanship is so different from ours that to us it is hardly sportsmanship at all. And this difference is the chief difference between the Anglo-Saxon man and the Continental man.

We prefer the former for much the same reason that we prefer the typically Anglo-Saxon Robin Hood to the mighty men of valor that disport themselves in the pages of the old French and Italian romances. As De Quincey once pointed out, the adventurous heroes of the Continental romances invariably pull themselves out of the tightest holes with the most monotonous regularity and rout the enemy with fearful slaughter simply because they cannot lose. They have overwhelming odds on their side, like Astolpho, who can put an army to flight by simply practicing a scale or two on his unholy magic horn. One never really suffers a moment's apprehension for them. Their dice are loaded.

The difference between such heroes and Robin Hood is that they always wish to fight in "perfect safety," while Robin disdains the slightest advantage. He is delighted to have the best man win. He is always ready to fight any one who comes along on even terms; and if some sturdy beggar manages to give him a sound drubbing, Robin is perfectly delighted, and claps him on the shoulder and has him to dinner under the greenwood tree, after which he either sends him along rejoicing with a handsome present or takes him into his own choice band of forest lovers.

In a word, Robin Hood typifies the Anglo-Saxon sportsman, while Astolpho and all his crew stand, alas! for the undeniable fact that the Continental is deficient in sportsmanship, and therefore in manliness. For the spirit of the true sportsman is one of the manliest things in creation.

Now, let nobody suppose I am saying that all Anglo-Saxons are loyal sons of Robin Hood, and all Continentals are not. What I would say is that good sportsmanship is as rare there as it is common here; that Anglo-Saxon Astolphos and Continental Robin Hoods are alike exceptional.

Of what, then, does good sportsmanship consist? The thing is more complex, perhaps, than many suspect. But all will agree that one of the chief characteristics of the

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sporting spirit consists in being fonder of fair play for its own sake than of power. The true sportsman loves "a fair field and no favor" because he is made that way. To paraphrase a famous prigism, he had rather be fair than be emperor. The philosopher Helvetius showed his Continental breeding when he insisted that the love of equity is always subordinate to the love of power (for so it usually *is* in his land). And he gave his countrymen still further away by admitting that if a man "respects equity, it is want that compels him to it."

A multitude of illustrations come to mind. But here and in what follows only such stories will be told as seem most characteristic of the sporting spirit of the nation in question.

A distinguished French mountain-climber once challenged my friend Burns to race up a certain Swiss peak. The course was laid out, the start made, and Burns walked straight away from the Frenchman, who saw his laurels in desperate danger. Nothing daunted, the latter took a short cut when he thought that nobody was looking, by which he abbreviated the course about half a mile, arrived at the summit a few yards in front of the American, and claimed, and was allowed, the victory, to his profound satisfaction.

Now, I would not for a moment imply that this sort of thing never happens in America; only that it is exceptional and is severely frowned upon by society, whereas on the Continent it is common and is winked at by society. The best proof of this lies in the contrast between the punctilious equity characteristic of some great Anglo-Saxon athletic meet, like the Oxford-Cambridge, Harvard-Yale games, which I saw in London in 1904, and the Athenian Olympic games two years later, in which I happened to be a participant. At the London games there was never the slightest suspicion of unfair play, and the Englishmen on the bleachers applauded the foreign and native athletes with impartial vigor, though the former were winning heavily.

How different, alas, were the games at Athens! How different, that is, was the sporting spirit of the Continental athletes as it was there exhibited! But before describing this spirit, because I am going to praise the American team, it is necessary to explain that my chum and I were representing not America but Italy. For a lark we entered the national tennis tournament in Rome, the winners of which, as it happened, were supposed to play for Italy in the Olympic Games at Athens. As members of a Neapolitan tennis club we were, under the rules, as eligible to represent Italy as was any Italian. We would, incidentally, have been just as eligible if we had hailed from eastern Siberia or the South Sea Islands. And we had no scruples about competing against our native land because, in the first place, we were such poor players, and, in the second, because there were no American tennis-players to compete against.

But though we were such poor players, the Italians were just a little poorer. So the Queen hung about our necks silken scarfs in red, white, and green, with bronze clasps inscribed with the ironic assertion in Latin that "Fortune favors the brave."

And not long after we found ourselves standing out from Brindisi into the balmy Adriatic on a boat full of splendid, exuberant young specimens of Italian athletehood. It would be hard to imagine a gayer, more confident crowd. Although young Pietri (known afterwards as Dorando) had been only an obscure apprentice until his record run about the walls of Rome a few days before, he was now the recipient of many and hearty congratulations on his prospective Marathon victory. (Poor little chap! He was destined to be taken ingloriously seasick only half-way to Athens.) The strong man was always posing proudly on chair or table and having his sleeve slit for our benefit. In a word, the joyous sparkle of victory was in the air.

Scarcely had we arrived within view of the Parthenon (all, that is, that the miserable Turks and their powder had left of it) and had been escorted to our quarters in the Zappeion with all the other athletes of earth, and had marched about the stadium saluting the kings and queens and the sixty thousand other spectators—scarcely were these preliminaries over before we began to perceive among the contestants, the officials, and the spectators innumerable own brothers of the short-cut mountain-climber.

In fact, except among the Anglo-Saxons, fair play presently began to be conspicuous by its rarity. Perhaps the cleverest and most frequent offenders were those sons of the crafty Ulysses, our hosts.

There was a notoriously good understanding, for instance, between the Greek athletes and officials. Let me cite a rather typical instance. A Greek and an American were

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about to run off alone one of the early heats of the one-hundred-meter sprint. The starter was a Greek. While the unsuspecting American was digging a hole with his foot the starter fired his pistol without the least warning. The expectant Greek sprinted down the track in solitary grandeur, and the American, I believe, had to return home without having run one step of the race he had crossed two seas to enter.

This sort of thing soon grew so common as to rob the games of half of their purely "sporting" interest. In the long-distance runs, for instance, it was notorious that the Anglo-Saxons were almost invariably assigned the worst starting-places on the outside of the track.

The Italian fencers had a taste of the same sort of justice. Six times in the "three-touch" foil contest we saw the Italian's foil touch the Frenchman without a counter-touch. But, though Prince Constantine himself gave his word for three times, the French jurors refused to admit a single touch, and the Italians withdrew from the contest, expressing thoughts too deep for tears.

The most dramatic instance of this curious Continental attitude towards sport occurred in the two-handed weight-lifting contest.

When the strongest men in the world waddled out into the arena and bared their huge limbs, it grew clear that the Greek throngs on the marble benches and on Deadhead Hill had set their hearts on victory. But it soon appeared that Steinbach, the Austrian, was handling the weights more easily than the native Hercules. Word flew around that united Greece must make a stand against the foreign invader. So each time that the Austrian stooped to lift the weight a pandemonium of yells and whistles and catcalls rent the heavens. Such an accompaniment is of course fatal to the perfect spiritual poise necessary for weight-lifting. But the noise stopped when the Austrian stopped. In a dead silence Tophalos, the Greek, managed to shove his 313 pounds once above his head. Then followed Steinbach and pandemonium again. It was a foregone conclusion that the poor Austrian, completely unnerved, could not get the weight up without its touching his ample stomach each time, contrary to regulations. So Tophalos was declared the winner, and the Greek nation burst into hysterics, hugging and kissing their champion and bearing him out on their shoulders. As soon as quiet was again restored, however, Steinbach walked back, picked up the weight quite easily, and lifted it five consecutive times from his chest, just to show what he might have done if the audience had given him any sort of a chance. It is asserted, I know, that even then Steinbach touched his stomach and was "no sport" to have tried again. But even so, the affair does not reflect any the less on the Greek sense of fair play.

But to continue with our inquiry into the nature of the sporting spirit. The true sportsman, besides being a fair player, is a good loser. Other things being equal, he sincerely prefers to play a superior than an inferior. The abler his opponent is, the better, because the more illuminating and stimulating. When beaten, you never catch him whining or apologizing. And, though a duffer, he is never painfully self-conscious about his game, for he finds that the sportsmanlike duffer always carries about him his own portable little cloud of privacy. He knows that the gallery has a way of watching the best, rather than the worst, golfer on the links, unless the worst makes a moral exhibition of himself.

The captain of my first tennis team will always remain in memory as a type of the ideal sportsman. As we approached the formidable courts of the neighboring university he said to us, in his peculiarly thrilling way: "Now, fellows, we may not be winners, but let's show 'em, anyway, that we can be good losers!" It has seemed to me since then that in saying those words he was pronouncing one of the great unwritten mottoes of Anglo-Saxondom.

"Men of character," said Emerson, "like to hear of their faults; the other class do not." But the Continental does not take criticism well; least of all, the graphic sort of criticism implied in playing against a better man. He looks at each lost game as at so much lost honor. He sulks. He grows openly furious or sinister and revengeful. He exhausts the vocabulary of apology. It is a most unmanly spectacle that he furnishes, and one of ancient origin, if we may believe the testimony of Plato, who implies in the "Republic" that the Athenian youth, "instead of having any shame or self-control," were "always whining and lamenting on slight occasions."

One remembers how it was common report in the streets of Athens before the Marathon race that if any foreigner should win the people would tear him to pieces;

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and how a priest actually did set his dog upon one of the leading foreign runners, to his no small embarrassment and delay; and how a sort of subdued groan went up from the stadium when Sherring, the little Canadian, trotted in first, and how that night the Greeks went about weeping and wringing their hands, and wailing, not, "We have lost!" but "We are lost!"

One remembers in this connection a number of curious emotional experiences with sensitive Italian gentlemen who, once beaten, will never, never again keep an engagement for tennis with their vanquishers—that is to say, with those with whom they cannot "safely" compete—unless the game is pulled off in a desert place, behind high walls, and under pledge of secrecy.

There comes also to mind a scene at a public tennis ground in Berlin. A rather boastful gentleman in a high collar and red suspenders appeared to be cock of the walk; but this was hardly a supreme distinction, because all the other Germans there played tennis on this principle: you seize the racket firmly—in both hands, if necessary—and, with resolution, advance it like a battering-ram towards the hole in space where the ball has just been.

An innocent-looking American came upon the scene. Him the cock at once challenged. A large gallery of the champion's feminine admirers ranged the side-lines, and went into ecstasies of laughter at the newcomer's grotesque-looking serve. But, finding the cock's attempts to return this serve even more grotesque, they began giggling at the champion instead.

Though the American tried unostentatiously to favor him, the German lost steadily. And he lost more things than games. At each disastrous stroke he cursed his faithful little caddies as though they were the authors of his every misfortune. When the game got to "love-four," he examined his perfectly good racket with critical eyes, broke it melodramatically across his knee, and called for another. But this did not impress the ladies a particle. The American tried to present him with a game or two, but the champion was livid and quite wild, and beat himself a love set.

Then, with a loud cry of inarticulate rage, he turned, smashed a ball or two with all his might at each of his caddies, then with passion knocked the balance of the dozen over the back-net, and half walked, half ran from the tittering presence of his feminine friends, a broken man.

Though the sportsman is a good loser, however, he is a precious hard loser. He battles till the last trench. He never says die. For if it is *really* die, then he is not exactly in a position to say much of anything. He is a "dead game sport," which is, we may suppose, a sport who continues game till he drops dead.

He never knows when he is beaten. He is a chip of the old block from which were carved fighters like Johnny Armstrong of the early ballad:

"Said John, 'Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight with you again.'"

It is evident that, in spirit, Johnny was a son of Robin Hood. And Anglo-Saxon history teems with his descendants—men like Sayers, the famous little pugilist with the broken arm who stood off the giant Heenan so long and finally blinded him. There is Hood blood in such dogged tennis champions as Larned and Beals Wright, and "Bob" Wrenn, who, as a rule, won his most brilliant victories after having been within one point of defeat; and in such football players as the Poes, whose favorite time for turning defeat into victory was in the last few seconds of play. These all are the typical Anglo-Saxons of Browning's verse, who hold "we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

But the Continental? However he may be on the battlefield, on the athletic field he is inclined to be "lily-livered," though he may not always "lack gall." Quite often he is beaten in the first few moments of play and "lies down" definitively. Not infrequently an opponent with a formidable reputation can even conquer him before a ball leaves the ground.

If he is hard pressed toward the end of the game, one expects him to throw up his hands in a despairing, characteristic gesture and whine, "What's the use?" If he is "up against" a much better opponent, he will often act like a spoiled child and play with deliberate carelessness in order to save his dignity by having it appear that he doesn't deign to take the game seriously. To be brutally plain, he is what we vividly call "a quitter."

Giving a fair handicap, while it usually stimulates the Anglo-Saxon, is apt to take the heart out of the Continental. In a Viennese billiard-room I once witnessed a most sym-

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bolic little incident. A young American who played very badly had picked up a strange opponent, and the stranger had beaten him fifty to twenty straight. Before beginning another game the American suggested a handicap. The Austrian offered him five, and when the American laughingly demurred, the cautious victor turned him over to a newcomer. I happened to overhear the whispered conversation of the two Austrian experts. "*Wie viel kann ich ihn vorgeben?*" inquired the newcomer. ("How much handicap can I give him?") And the other replied, "*Sie können ihn ganz ruhig dreissig vorgeben.*" ("You can spot him thirty *in perfect safety.*") The italics are mine. The newcomer offered the American fifteen in perfect gravity; for on the Continent the curious idea of offering a handicap "in perfect safety" is not yet considered a fit subject for mirth.

Again, the true sportsman is modest. He "vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up," either before or after winning. But Tartarin himself does not strut and boast more grandly than many a victorious or about-to-be-victorious Continental. The day after the Marathon race it was common gossip in the Zappeion that the reason so many Greek and Latin runners had been taken ill on the road to Athens was this: they had been so confident of victory that they had celebrated it the night before in the inn at Marathon.

The true sportsman is a good winner. He never gloats. After an easy victory at handball he will pretend to sop his dry, cool forehead, and will make much of the unique points in the other fellow's style, pretending that the game was really closer than the score would seem to indicate. And this, partly in order to put the other fellow at his ease, partly to conceal the embarrassment which the sportsman always feels after a too easy win.

Just as the son of Robin Hood is willing, even eager, to sacrifice any possible personal advantage to the spirit of fair play, so in team work he is quite as ready to forego personal glory for the good of his team.

I saw a delightful instance of this readiness at Athens in the semi-finals of the 100-meter sprint. Robertson, an American, was leading, with an Englishman second on his right, and Hahn, the eventual American winner, third on his left. Hahn had made a bad start, and Robertson could easily have won the glory of beating him. But, instead of that, he slowed up, keeping even with the Englishman so that the latter could not see—and be goaded on by—the progress of Hahn, who drew even and finally passed them. Then Robertson spurted and took second place. It was the prettiest, most unselfish bit of team work seen that year in the stadium. In the long-distance races I constantly saw Anglo-Saxons helping each other, but never a Continental.

For the Continental is a natural-born star. He is never more of an aristocrat than in his athletic suit. He must have the limelight at any cost.

But the sporting spirit is about the most democratic, unstellar thing I know. In the eyes of the law all men are *supposed* to be equal. But in the eyes of the law of sport all men are *actually* equal, and among Anglo-Saxons the spirit of that law is very generally enforced. If you do not believe it, just join some college team on its travels and give some other college a tremendous trouncing on its home grounds, where a trouncing is most painful, and then see how like long-lost brothers that other team will treat you when the last ball has come to rest.

Sportsmanship, then, is a blend of fairness, the grace of a good loser, gameness, modesty, the grace of a good winner, and loyalty to the team. It is one of the most infectious things in creation. No one can doubt this who realizes how short a time sport has as yet had to develop any sort of spirit of its own on the Continent, and who then attends an international meet like the Olympic Games and marks how quickly and potently the infection spreads among the nations.

To me the two pleasantest things in my Athenian experience were these: that all the competing and judging Anglo-Saxons invariably behaved like good sportsmen; and that from the very first the other athletes paid them the growing flattery of imitation, so that sportsmanship grew perceptibly throughout the games.

It was a merry sight to see the picked youth of the globe gravitating toward a common type. For the American that sight was a proud one as well, because the boys with the red, white, and blue shields on their running shirts seemed, somehow or other, to have a little less gravitating to do than the others. The British, too, were much imitated, and if it had not been for that unfortunate mask of aggressive reserve that Englishmen usually feel obliged to wear when away from home they would doubtless have been as influential as the Americans.

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This flattery was carried to amusing lengths. Little by little the whiskers would disappear from the formal lips of Belgium and Bohemia. In the athletes' section of the stadium French and Italian coats would come off in true college boy style, though French and Italian suspenders remained. One heard Hungarian and Greek, Danish and Dutch, constantly interlarded with English phrases which seemed (at least to the speakers) to lend those languages as much elegance as French seems to lend the conversation of the "smart set" at home.

But it is by no means necessary to attend the Olympic Games in order to see how infectious good sportsmanship is. One has merely to visit the handball courts of an American gymnasium where foreigners sometimes play. There he will see how soon cheating and apologizing, boasting and petulance, and "jammering" and "quitting" are shamed out of a newcomer by the young Americans up there on the roof.

All in all, I believe that the sporting spirit is about the most precious thing that the New World has to offer the immigrant. For do not we Americans owe in great part to this spirit all that we are to-day?

It was Anglo-Saxon nerve and doggedness and team work that made our mother land over into the British Empire.

It was the sporting spirit that led us to tear loose from that Empire; that enabled us to keep loose; and to put down slavery and secession and to begin putting down special privilege. And yet this same spirit has made us friends again with Great Britain and has healed the breach between North and South.

What Continental nation could have fought out such a sportsmanlike contest as the Civil War and then have allowed bygones to be so completely bygones?

Indeed, it is significant that this healing process should have been begun by members of the "unsportsmanlike" sex, and members of the losing side, at that. The mere fact that Memorial Day, the symbol of reconciliation, was created by the act of Southern women in strewing flowers on the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers alike would seem to indicate that the American woman, handicapped as she is by ages of unsportsmanlike feminine heredity, is a truer descendant of Robin Hood than the Continental male.

One of the chief reasons why we Anglo-Saxons have so faithfully preserved this prime Anglo-Saxon quality and put it to such good uses is that we have had for leaders big, infectious sportsmen, true sons of Robin Hood, like Washington and Lincoln, men who could give and take shrewd, honest blows without cheating or blubbering or malice.

When Mr. Roosevelt, for example, plays tennis, he plays with the whole-hearted desire that the best man may win every time. And the chief cause of his success in the larger game is that he has been such a splendid sportsman and has never ceased practicing and preaching the manly gospel according to Robin Hood.

His instincts told him that graft and special privilege are no different in kind from having a "cold deck" up your sleeve at the card table, or bribing the football officials to ignore your offside play while strictly penalizing your opponent. He could not comprehend why the card sharper could be fairly turned out of his club by the sort of man who has the Government scales tampered with on the dock.

Mr. Roosevelt has opened our eyes to the fact that we Americans are in danger of being as poor sportsmen in the games of business and politics as we have been impeccable in baseball and billiards. And now we are beginning to realize that the gentleman who plays crookedly at business is a far worse traitor to the American spirit than the gentleman is who pares down his golf score when nobody is looking, or than the amateur tenor whom Arnold Bennett has described as cracking on the high note and then glaring at the back of his accompanist as if to ask before the whole company, "How could you have had such atrocious taste as to let my voice crack?"

Sportsmanship is the final symptom of civilization, if we are to believe Herbert Spencer, who assures us that a sense of justice is "the highest form of altruistic sentiment," and that it is very little developed in primitive man. Now we are very proud that sportsmanship may be considered the distinctively Anglo-Saxon quality. But we have to realize that it is making rapid strides on the Continent, especially among the Teutonic and Slavonic peoples.

Our sporting supremacy is in danger. For while other peoples, more honest perhaps than we in the serious affairs of life, are eagerly striving toward this supreme distinction in the world of sport, we are slowly

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coming to the reluctant realization of what wretched sportsmen we actually are once we have exchanged the gridiron and the track for the swivel chair and the stump.

When a broker on 'Change performed a transaction involving millions by holding up two inviolable fingers, we used to imagine fondly that he was symbolizing the integrity of the American business man's word. Recently we have been led to fear that those two fingers might be more strictly symbolic if they were crossed.

This fear is the most encouraging thing about us to-day. It means our dawning realization that, in work as well as in play, we must justify Europe's wistful reverence for us as high priests of the splendid new religion of sport. It means our growing realization of the fact that the American who cheats outright, or even "inches" (as the boys say), or quits or boasts or apologizes, or is a bad loser, is proving himself a bad American in a far deeper sense than the short-cut mountaineer proved himself a bad Frenchman.

For every alien that crosses the sea is looking to us as exemplars of the grand old ideal of playing the game with a fair field and no favor. So that our chief duty is to train the newcomers up "in the nurture and admonition" of Robin Hood by letting our "sporting blood" flow freely and equally through every vein of the body politic.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE IRON WOMAN"

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE publication of a new novel by Margaret Deland has come to be, not a "literary event," as we used to call a new novel by George Eliot after the appearance of "Romola," but a vital issue. It is as if, peering into the dark, nebulous spaces, we were suddenly to behold the creation of a new world.

In her latest novel, "The Iron Woman," the realization of our expectation is especially vivid, because it is the creation of a fresh, young world. Youth is predominant here, as in no previous novel of Mrs. Deland's, from the first chapter to the last; not merely plastic childhood, but crescent youth, with its growing-pains, its "tremulous clutching at the garments of life," as the author expressively portrays adolescence, its headlong resolves and fateful turns. As to this youngness we are reminded of George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," only in Mrs. Deland's story there is ampler development and a closer realism; the individual traits are more emphatic, and the current moves on more relentlessly. It is this current of young life which determines the whole course of the story; the mature personages, impressively real as they are—especially Mrs. Maitland, "the iron woman"—seem to be drawn into this current, however fatally, yet only unwittingly affecting its course.

What we call the course of the story is, in this case, not to be thought of as its "plot." Mrs. Deland's work is too creative to follow the lines of a preconceived plan. Like George Eliot, she refuses to let "the picture lapse into a diagram." Her idea of the picture itself is different from that entertained by George Eliot—that is, as a portrayal of life. Her picture is closer to its original; the situations emerge more naturally, and the whole action seems more inevitable.

It is this conviction of inevitability, as of things begotten, not made, which Mrs. Deland's later work impresses upon the sensibility of her readers, that draws them irresistibly to any new creation of her genius. Of course this impression would be trivial and inconsequent if we could only say that the creation is native and spontaneous, if it involved no sense of dramatic tension and compulsion, if the things born of living experience were not pregnant with meaning, and did not grow to vital issues. Yet it is the sense of inevitability in the course a story takes—the feeling that it is what it must be, not what it is made to be—that alone can save the most forceful drama from brute sensationalism.

The hold which the scene of this tense and quivering story has upon the reader is a remarkable evidence of the author's creative power; it becomes an essential factor in one's impression of the reality of the story itself

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and of all the living actors in it. Hardy's Wessex, Phillpotts's Dartmoor, or Arnold Bennett's Five Towns is not more convincing than Mrs. Deland's translation of the Allegheny of her childhood into Old Chester and Old Mercer, in one or the other of which the scene of all her novels and of nearly all her short stories has been laid. Old Chester is as familiar to Mrs. Deland's readers as Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford was to those of a generation ago, and Dr. Lavendar and his people there remain more vividly in their remembrance. Even the houses in which these people lived have been fixed in our mental vision indelibly before that wonderful novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie" revivifies the whole scene, setting Dr. William King's mud-spattered buggy in motion again and giving Dr. Lavendar some new experiences and new opportunities for tolerant reflection and sympathetic helpfulness. The dwelling occupied by Mrs. Richie was the Stuffed Animal House, formerly the home of the Hutchinson sisters, which gave the title to one of the strongest of Mrs. Deland's short stories.

Old Mercer was different. Though the scene of several of Mrs. Deland's early stories, it was not so definitely portrayed in these as Old Chester was in "Philip and His Wife." In "Sidney" the bridge across the river and the toll-house beyond, with its pleasant garden and its ice-cream parlor, from which a flight of rickety steps led down to the float of skiffs waiting to be hired, lured young people in couples or in groups, just as in "The Iron Woman," and became the scene of their romances, gay or pathetic. The Mrs. Todd of this latest novel is evidently the Eliza Jenkins of "Sidney," the toll-house keeper's daughter, and the unhappy rival of her music-teacher for the love of John Paul. We have in "Sidney," too, a glimpse of the woods and of picturesque lanes. But even here Mercer is emphatically a dingy mill town, the cotton factories and iron works overshadowing the landscape, and waiting for Mrs. Maitland, the daughter and successor of that John Blair who, as owner of the works, figured so masterfully in Mrs. Deland's short story "In the House of Rimmon." The toll-house remains for the young people, and Robert Furguson, the superintendent of the works, manages to cultivate a flower garden, "a spot of perfume and peace" rescued from the murky environment, though the Isabellas of his grape-arbor are filmed with soot; but the main scene—the long line of Mercer's stacks and chimneys bristling against the sky—this, and no other, befits "The Iron Woman." It is not enough to say that it gives room for her devastating energy; it fits her as body to soul, as if made expressly for her, the complement of her desire—for play as well as for work; consorting, too, with her Hebraic puritanism, the blast of the furnace serving as her pillar of cloud by day and her pillar of fire by night.

We dwell upon this fitness of scene to the character and action in Mrs. Deland's fiction because it helps to show the creative evolution at work in this fiction as it is at work in nature. A dwelling-place is prepared for all things that are born and live and grow; and, for human things, it is a haunted place, too, because of death, because of the passing of souls. Thus, in this novel, as the iron woman shows the firm mold of her father, so Blair draws from his father, Herbert Maitland, his æsthetic temperament, and Elizabeth her mordant rages from a wanton mother; and this hold of the dead upon the living, this preparation of heredity, is another evolutionary factor, re-enforcing the reader's sense of an inevitable procedure—an impression which helps him to see all that happens as belonging to the course of things in a natural world.

So the young people of this novel come into their places in a world that is very old. Mrs. Deland's historic sense is so radical and immediate that she does not need to be classically allusive to show her respect for the past. Something inveterate (not merely preterite) enters into all her treatment of human life, her touch of mortal things.

I am writing about Mrs. Deland, apropos of the publication in book form of "The Iron Woman;" but I am not attempting a review of that novel. Such an attempt would be frustrate for lack of space, since no review could be adequate in the terms of criticism, which are wholly inapplicable to a work of this kind—one might as well attempt a criticism of nature; or in the terms of appreciation, unless the reviewer should rehearse the substance of the entire drama, from the appearance of the four children who are to enact it at play in the Maitland orchard to the tensely quiet culminating scene—the most significantly dramatic, I think, ever presented in fiction. "*Some day your son will*

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look that way at you." That earlier climax, in Mrs. Maitland's bitter repentance of her destructive work with her boy, is eclipsed by this in which Mrs. Richie completes her redemptive work with her adopted son. The reader feels, as Mrs. Richie feels, that for this cause came she into the world; he might also add that for this cause came Mrs. Deland into the world—to present this disclosure of the divine potency of sin, whereby the course of redemption is, as in St. Paul's vision, seen to be natural.

The only competent reviewer of this novel is its reader, and it is characteristic of the perfect naturalness of Mrs. Deland's presentation that he should need no guide; nothing is hidden or obscure.

What I should like to do would be to show, in so far as I can, what lines Mrs. Deland has followed in fiction and the distinctive quality of her achievement. Her latest novel is so notable an achievement, it is so nearly a realization of what she has been both dreaming toward and resolutely striving for, that it is a challenge to some such revision of her course. Moreover, the personality of a writer who has so strongly impressed readers through the most intimate appeal to their sensibility becomes deeply interesting—far more so than that of one who is simply entertaining. But, for this ever-widening audience of her readers, there can never be any so just estimate of Mrs. Deland's personality as is to be derived intuitively from the quality of her work. It is doubtful if intimate personal acquaintance would definitely disclose more; and she is so regardless of those unessential details and formalities which make up so much of outward social life and conversation that the keenest casual observer would more likely be misled than enlightened. By the same token it is clearly to be seen that Mrs. Deland could never by any possibility write a society novel. The evolution of her personality is inseparable from that of her imaginative writing.

Probably those who have known her best would most readily recall her as an out-of-door person, freely wandering, her hair taking the wind's way, or grubbing—like her sad-eyed Robert Furguson—in a flower garden. Is there any flower of wild or garden that she does not know? The first offering from her to a magazine was a brief poem entitled "The Succory," which came to me through a mutual friend twenty-six years ago, and was published in "Harper's Magazine." These are the lines:

"Oh, not in ladies' gardens,
My peasant Posy!
Smile thy dear blue eyes,
Nor only—nearer to the skies—
In upland pastures, dim and sweet,—
But by the dusty road
Where tired feet
Toil to and fro;
Where flaunting Sin
May see thy heavenly hue,
Or weary Sorrow look from thee
Toward a tenderer blue!"

The verse is quoted here, not for its poetic value, but just for those two lines—

"Where flaunting Sin
May see thy heavenly hue."

The picture of those "dear blue eyes" by the wayside, waiting there to meet those of flaunting Sin with tender, heavenly regard, is an intimation of the thought so constantly cherished in Mrs. Deland's mind and so often expressed—that of the nearness of sin to God. Somewhere she says, "Sin is the prerogative of God." And, again, "The sense of sin in the soul is the apprehension of Almighty God." The thought is one with that of the Gospel phrase, "The Friend of sinners"—one with that of Paul, "Where sin abounds there doth grace much more abound." But the couplet above cited from "The Succory" is a glimpse of the evangel in nature. I am sure that Mrs. Deland, who so strongly in all her work presents the reality of sin—as something, indeed, too real and inveterate in our "poor, squalid, divine human nature" to make its "imputation" necessary or even theologically plausible—is also sensible of its awfulness as a matter of human conviction, as Tennyson was when he wrote:

"God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

But, on the divine side, she sees only the tenderness of an infinite and ever-following love. Out of the feeling of this is sometimes developed the converse of the Pauline proposition, and grace is seen to awaken a sense of sin. Thus in one of the Old Chester Tales, "For the Good of the Soul," Peter Day's overflowing love for the young wife whom he had rescued from the vaudeville stage evokes in her a buried remembrance of past wantonness. She had eaten of the fruit of the tree which is the knowledge of good and evil. But the evil was not disclosed until "the anguish of the knowledge of goodness had fallen on her."

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It is significant that Mrs. Deland began as a poet. To the sense of beauty in the living things of nature was added the ardent desire for expression—so ardent that it sought satisfaction in the tension and rhythm of poetry. But it was impossible for her to be held within the limitations of the poetic art, which more than any other belongs to an older time than ours and yields more obeisance to tradition. The passion of concern in her soul for human souls—their joys and pains and aspirations, in the meshes of love, in the face of death, and confronting the mystery beyond all mortal vision—was not to be expressed in verse. The poetic tension, under strong compulsion, becomes the dramatic. But here the drama was too real to be confined within the formal scene and the bounds of consciously dramatic art. A portrayal of life was demanded in a picture which could not be framed or in its texture follow traditional canons of composition.

The moment Mrs. Deland began to write fiction this stress of theme and purpose—in which the *What* of art determined its *How*—became impressively apparent. In all of her work in this field she has afforded the most apposite modern illustration of De Quincey's pithy saying that matter *is* manner, which is the distinctive formula of realistic fiction. She has indeed in this respect put herself in the line of succession of women novelists since Fanny Burney; but it is the very essence of her achievement that in the development of this realistic tendency she has become the exemplar—seen as such more expressly in contrast with her eminent contemporaries Mrs. Humphry Ward, Edith Wharton, and the never quite fully appreciated Anne Douglas Sedgwick, to mention only those who would willingly confess Meredith as their master, but who have shown original power in masterpieces of dramatic excellence. Within her self-imposed limitations, she holds a position as unique among writers of her own sex as Thomas Hardy among those of his.

No one ever speaks of Mrs. Deland's art—that is, to make a point of it. The academic assumption that not only the artist's detachment from his creations, but the detachment of these creations from life as it is lived, is essential to art itself, is so insistently maintained that the creative faculty and sensibility, closely held within the bounds of plainly human experience, are denied a place in this high realm. Mrs. Deland has never contemplated detachment from the common material of human life in its making. It is true that in her first two novels, "John Ward, Preacher" and "Sidney," the very exaltation of her purpose lifted the theme out of the ordinary plane of earthly human interests into the region of speculation concerning divine judgments and decrees, a region very remote from our present-day sense of reality; also, that in all her early fiction, including "Philip and His Wife," the very insistence of that special intention which characterizes the "problem novel" distorted the perspective of her picture. Yet even here the whole texture was so humanly real, and the touch of nature so kin-making in a homely and neighborly way, that one felt that in the edifice of creative art she really belonged on the ground floor. Nevertheless, her creative genius was handicapped by mental intention, and, though struggling for the ascendency—or, perhaps it might be better said, for companionable descent—had not disclosed itself for what it was to become. The fact that as late as 1897 she was not given a place in "The Library of the World's Best Literature" (except in the appended "Dictionary of Authors") by the genial editor of that collection must be admitted to have some significance. The first decade of her career had not been one of manifest fulfillment.

Very soon, through the surrender of a willful inclination to a destiny no longer to be evaded, came the turning-point in Mrs. Deland's imaginative work. That intellectual insurgency which had undertaken to direct the chariot of her genius melted in its fiery course, and the scales fell from the eyes of her soul. The purpose and meaning of life were differently seen, not in response to mental questionings, but disclosing themselves through natural solutions. Her imagination was released, and she waited upon it. It was in this waiting mood that she wrote the "Old Chester Tales." The elaboration of a novel became distasteful to her, and seemed perilous—as likely to weave new snares for her free feet—so she turned to the short story, satisfied to gather, little by little, the vivid impressions of her girlhood, cherished by that wonderful kind of memory which, in remembering, recreates. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett had this kind of memory, by which she gathered together "her people" in her stories of New England village life; but, unlike Miss

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Jewett, Mrs. Deland is not satisfied with quiet and faithful portraiture; she accentuates traits in her people; gives poignancy and pregnant meaning to situations, doing drastic work with souls. Yet the reader feels that the emphasis is not arbitrarily imposed, that the situations are not invented, and that the dramatic tension is that of life itself. Those who recall the casual treatment of Dr. Lavendar in "Philip and His Wife" find him a new creation in these "Old Chester Tales." In this new era of fulfillment such novels as "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman" seem to fall into places prepared for them, to emerge naturally in their human environment.

In according this writer a unique position in the field of fiction I have therefore especial reference to her later work, in which her sense of life has become clear and direct intuition. I am not saying that it is a position of superiority—its singularity precludes comparison. In fact, Mrs. Deland is divested of every kind of magical weapon traditionally associated with past-masters of the craft, but quite useless in her immediate treatment of human life. The one thing her genius jealously guards is its intuition, and it brooks no imaginative investment through symbolic suggestion or extended metaphor—nothing beyond the native raiment pertinent to the direct embodiment. But how perfectly the raiment fits! While nothing is tricked out for the reader's entertainment, and no point is made of manner, yet for the discovery of the secret of unconsciously happy expression in the direct portrayal of life one can do no better than patiently to devote himself to a study of the "Old Chester Tales." In such a study he will find not only fitness but natural beauty and charm, as well as deep psychical insight.

It is not a facile accomplishment—either the expression or the embodiment. It is not an accomplishment at all; if it were, it would in time have the facility of expertness. Mrs. Deland is not one of those writers who can produce a novel every year or every two years; and when she has one ready in the first draft, the work is only begun. When it is in type, the author's eliminations, additions, and other changes are so extensive that the compositor finds it a saving of time to treat each successive revision as "copy" for a new setting. These changes, as well as the slow preparation of the first script, are not to secure technical perfection, but to exclude whatever hinders or mars the clear intuition, and to reinforce the natural current of the story's life.

It is the vitality of Mrs. Deland's realistic fiction that is its supreme distinction.

THE SKY-LINE OF NEW YORK

BY FREDERICK B. EDDY

They seem a consummation of that dream
  Of Babel's towers, these buildings that arise
  And towering seem almost to touch the skies:
Châteaux of dreams, whose domes and spires gleam
In the gold sunlight, with pale gold, they seem;
  Against the sky, their outline, sharp, precise
  A silhouette like Gothic steeples, lies
Irregular and broken; while the steam
Of industry, above them, curls and floats
  Like gay white pennons of those olden days
  When knight and lady ruled with chivalry.
The bay and river seem like ancient moats,
And on the cliffs of West Street the sun's rays
  Cast shadows till the night falls silently.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE carriage, or what the Spectator would have called a very open elevator, was thick with a heavy coating of coal dust and oil. As he tried to find a clean place by which to secure a firm hold the signal button was pressed by the foreman of the mine, and in a twinkling he had passed from the land of daylight and sunshine to a blackness more intense than night itself. By the dim light of the smoky little oil lamp which he held in his hand he saw that at first the sides of the shaft were lined with heavy blocks of stone held together by strong cement. Then, as solid rock was reached, this was evidently deemed unnecessary, and the various strata of rock began to appear. The Spectator almost felt as if he were in some way in a reversible time machine, like the one which H. G. Wells possessed, and that he was being hurried backwards through the long, long past ages of the world. Thick beds of sandstone, limestone, shale, and slate swept upward and past him, scarcely giving him time to wonder at the myriad ages of time and the infinitely slow accumulations which they represented. At the "Diamond," a seven-foot vein of coal, the carriage stopped a moment to take on a laborer. The Spectator had only time enough to gaze a moment down a dark passageway where twinkling lights and the sound of voices and moving cars indicated that he had not yet passed beyond the age of man. Then he began again his backward progress into the beginnings of eternity.

"Here's where we get off," said his companion, and the Spectator stepped off the carriage into what he learned was the Clark vein. Around him was as much activity as at the surface. There was a space about twenty-five feet wide for a short distance into the distant workings of the mine, and here black-faced driver-boys were cursing their mules in order to make them move their loaded cars of coal into the proper position to be pushed on to the carriage and sent up into the breaker. The Spectator asked one of the boys who was not busy if he would not like better to work outside.

"Well, I guess not," was the answer. And, in reply to a further question: "Why, except near the shaft here, it is much better in the mine than outside. It's never too hot and never too cold; it's always the same here."

"I've heard," said the Spectator to the foreman, "that some of these mules never go outside from one year's end to another. I should think they would die."

The foreman shrugged his shoulders. "There are a few that we never take out except maybe in case of a strike or something of that sort. No, they don't mind it a bit here; they don't know what they are missing by not going outside. I used that as an illustration in a sermon once."

"What! you preach?" asked the Spectator, turning around and grasping the hand of his guide. Then he learned with surprise and pleasure from his companion that he preached several times a year in the little church near the mine, where it was difficult always to have a minister. The Spectator had heard that some miners were also ministers of the Gospel, but he had never dreamed that he might have the opportunity of meeting one of them. The two sat down on a bench in the clean, whitewashed hospital a little farther on, and the Spectator received another illustration of the fact that genuine thoughtfulness and knowledge and wisdom are not confined to the so-called professional or leisure classes.

"I suppose," said the foreman, very frankly, as they drifted from one topic to another, "you think that because you put on these dirty overalls and that miner's cap and come in here you are really learning to know the miners and how they work. You're not doing anything of the kind. It's jest like my girl dressing up for a play in a theater and thinking she's really living what she plays. You're playing being a miner. No; you've got to work with them a long time, you've got to see them hurted and killed, and go to their wakes and their masses and their funerals to really know them. You've got to be like Father Damien" (the Spectator gave a start of surprise at this display of knowledge)—"yes, or like John Mitchell, to really know them. Guess I've talked long enough. Don't you want to see our hospital?"

The Spectator duly admired the two stretchers, the cots, and particularly the medicine-chest, which latter was opened for his inspection, and he was told that it was light enough to be carried to any point in the mine easily by two men, and by one if necessary. He had pointed out to him the two woolen and the two rubber blankets, the two bottles of oil for burns, the bundles of bandages, a can of water, a cup, and two bottles of spirits of ammonia. "We give that," explained his friend, referring to the ammonia, "instead of whisky for a stimulant. It's jest as good, but," he added with a grin, "the men don't like it as much."

After the confidential chat at the hospital, the Spectator must of course be shown everything in the mine. He saw the immense pumps which worked day and night to keep the mine as free of water as possible, he went into passageways

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where men were working in six inches of water, he saw in another place just how the heavy props were put in place to hold up the roof of the mine, he crawled into chambers so low that the men there had to work their drills on their hands and knees. It seemed almost too good to be true that he was permitted to take one of the drills in his hand and finish the hole that was being made in the solid mass of coal. Then he helped, or thought he helped, to clean the hole of coal dust by means of a long scraper before he shoved with his own hands the cartridge of black powder into its farthest point. He placed a light iron rod in the hole so that it touched the powder, and, gathering up some moist coal dust from the floor of the chamber, was shown how to tamp this into the hole around the iron bar and up against the powder-until it was completely filled. He then withdrew his bar and in its place inserted what he recognized as a squib. He had in his boyhood days used these squibs on the Fourth of July, to the great annoyance of those who passed by his house. But he had never known that they were used to set off the powder blasts in the mine until this moment. And now he took a childlike pleasure in lighting the squib, which in a few minutes would force itself like a firecracker into the powder at its back and ignite it.

The Spectator and his companions retired to a safe distance and awaited the dull, muffled roar which soon was heard. When they returned to the chamber, the Spectator picked up a good-sized piece of the coal which had been pulled down, with as great a feeling of pride as if it were a block of gold.

"You're lucky," said the foreman, as he glanced at a piece of slate which he picked from the mass. "Look at that little fossil fern on this. We don't find many of them here now."

The Spectator glanced with a feeling of awe at the bit of fern which had grown up in a tropical forest on this site millions and millions of years before, and which in a petrified state had been preserved almost perfectly.

A little farther on the foreman ordered a car filled with straw, and, sitting in this, the two were dropped down a long incline of two thousand feet into the lowest vein of the mine. During this trip the Spectator learned that little locomotives run by compressed air, or long rope cables connected with stationary engines, or even electric equipment, were in many mines taking the place of the mule, once omnipotent ruler of the transportation system in the mine.

"Why, we're below the level of the sea!" exclaimed the Spectator, as the two stepped out of the car and he was told that they were now seven hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface. "Is this the same vein that that terrible accident occurred in several weeks ago?" he asked. "Yes," replied the foreman; "this same vein runs all the way up to that colliery." The foreman refused to be drawn into a discussion as to the responsibility for that accident, though he was very willing to explain the system of ventilation in the mine, which the Spectator knew had considerable to do with the fatal results of the disaster. The foreman explained very carefully how the air comes down the shaft, and by means of a carefully constructed system of passageways is forced wherever it is desired, until the foul air is sucked up through an air-shaft by a large fan located at the surface.

"You see," he said, going over to the wall of the passageway in which they happened to be, where hung a large, heavy piece of canvas, "we don't want the air to come through this opening behind this piece of canvas, so we put this up to keep it going in another direction. Now if I lift this away," he continued, unfastening the canvas and lifting it up, "you see what happens."

The Spectator certainly did see, for he was almost knocked down by a draught of air which made him think the wind around the Flatiron Building in New York on a March day a mere zephyr.

"Now I'll show you the door-boys and the doors which are for the same purpose," laughed the foreman, as he let the canvas flap back into place. The door-boy proved to be an old man who had grown too feeble and decrepit in the service of the company to do anything else except to open and close his heavy oak door whenever he heard a train of cars coming along his gangway. The Spectator had had visions of finding the original of one of the characters in Homer Greene's "Blind Brother," which he remembered reading with intense interest many years before. But even if that character had remained at this same spot and had grown old in this position, the Spectator could not figure out that he would have been quite so old as this door-boy.

The Spectator watched with an odd fascination the engineer in the engine-room of the colliery. In front of him was a dark-colored circular disc about sixteen inches in diameter, along whose outer edge revolved an arrow first in one direction, then in the other. About the sides of the disc were printed "Diamond," "14," and "Clark," which the Spectator knew referred to the beds of coal. The foreman explained to him how by a thin wire this arrow was connected with the "drums" around which the wire cables leading from the carriages

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wound and unwound themselves, and that in this way the arrow, on a very small scale, was able to indicate exactly where the carriage going down and the one coming up were at each moment.

"Suppose the engineer should have forgotten to notice that bell when we were coming up?" remarked the Spectator, as a warning clang several times repeated said very plainly that one carriage was almost at the top of the breaker, and that the other was nearing the vein from which the coal was being hoisted at that time. The Spectator was looking very closely at the seemingly unconcerned face of the engineer, as, sitting in his high chair, he pulled back one lever and pushed forward the other.

"Oh, well, you know, you signed away all the responsibility of the company in case you were injured or killed," said the foreman with a smile. "But he'll never forget," he added, seriously. "We've never had a carriage pulled through the top of the breaker yet. How do you like the looks of that party? We keep those dresses for the girls over at the office."

The Spectator noticed with considerable amusement the crowd of eight young men and women who were finishing up a visit through the mine by glancing into the engine-room. The young men had on the same style of overalls and cap as himself. The girls had on Mother Hubbard gowns of various Persian patterns in pinks and blues, and over their hair had slipped either gay-colored sunbonnets or tam-o'-shanters. The young men had seen to it that their faces had been blackened either by coal dust or by the much more effective oily blackness from the wicks of their lamps. They stood near the door of the engine-room, laughing and making fun of one another's appearance.

"They've had a mighty good time," said the Spectator, almost wishing he had gone through the mine with them.

"Yes," replied the foreman, with a wink; "but they didn't see one-half of what you saw."

THE NEW BOOKS

"Adrian Savage," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison), is a novel written with delicacy and refinement of manner. Unfortunately it is prolix in diction and overslow in development, and is therefore tedious reading. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.)

Mr. Ian Hay has a happy knack in making titles. His earlier stories, "A Man's Man" and "The Right Stuff," are now followed by "A Safety Match." There are some delightful chapters in this book dealing with an unusually lively family of young people; and throughout there are passages which abound in sound and honest fun. The attempt to deal in a casual but solemn way with the labor question is a total failure; and the plot is so conventional that one wishes it had been left out altogether. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Massachusetts. $1.20.)

A big heart and a sense of humor go a long way toward making a good book. Dr. Edward A. Steiner has both these qualifications. His sympathy for "the mingling folk" who are struggling over "The Broken Wall" (to quote the title of Dr. Steiner's new book), that is, the racial wall, which is falling before the great leveling forces of democracy, is in the fullest sense fellow-sympathy. Three of the stories contained in this volume originally appeared in The Outlook, and we wish we could have printed them all; for they all possess the spirit of helpfulness, knowledge of immigrants' traits and character, and a story interest which in some cases rises to really dramatic effect. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.)

There is plenty of suffering and plenty also of romance in the life of the fisher people in Labrador. Dr. W. T. Grenfell, in his new book, "Down North on the Labrador," tells true stories; and his earnestness in making other people see through a book what he sees every day is evident in every page. The Outlook does not need to say what it thinks of Dr. Grenfell's work and personality. Many thousands of our readers have heard the man speak and know what he is doing. A more manly, sincere, and effective work for humanity nowhere exists. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.)

A powerful book, prettily but not aptly named, is "Flower o' the Peach," by Perceval Gibbon. Here we have South Africa vividly presented by one who knows it well. The theme of the book is vibrant with tragedy; but it is one which is never acceptable in fiction; namely, the possibility of love between a black man and a white woman. A Kafir chief is hanged before his child's eyes; and that boy, after having been educated in England by the Government and made into a doctor and an artist, goes back to Africa. Unable to speak his native language, he is rejected with blows by his tribe, and is treated by the English officials and police as necessarily a suspicious and dangerous person because he speaks English and wears boots. An English

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girl pities him and talks with him, and on one occasion makes the fatal mistake of letting him kiss her hand in token of his reverence for her. The result is not only social ostracism, but the arrest and ill-treatment of the black. If anybody could make a subject like this anything but trying and disagreeable, Mr. Gibbon could. Not only in the main theme, but in its depiction of the struggle of a stupid and prejudiced wife to cover up her husband's dipsomania, the story is searching in its analysis and it is written with unusual vigor; but, after all, one wishes that the problems discussed had been left for another kind of writing than fiction. (The Century Company, New York. $1.30.)

The book called "A History of the American Bar," by Mr. Charles Warren, of the Boston bar, is not intended as a text-book in any way, and is a little desultory in the selection and arrangement of matter. It contains, however, historical material of great value, drawn from original sources, and covers aspects of the subject which are not generally known, and about which it is not easy to find information. The biographical and bibliographical part is of less general interest than such chapters as those on "The Federal Bar and the Law," "The Rise of Railroad and Corporation Law," and "The Era of Codes." (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.)

Dr. Robert A. Hume's "Interpretation of India's Religious History" is a missionary's interpretation. But Dr. Hume belongs to the school, rapidly increasing in number, which holds with Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall that heathen religions are no invention of the devil, but a sincere, though sometimes mistaken and sometimes deliberately misguided, seeking after God. His view is that of Paul on Mars Hill. "The assumption underlying this attempt," says Dr. Hume in his opening chapter, "is that God has been ever seeking his Indian children; that he has never left himself without witness among them; that, with many limitations and errors, the people of India have diligently sought after God in eager desire that haply they might find him, though he has never been far from them." With this view he holds that, if Christianity be separated from the additions and interpretations which have been added, which it may even be said have grown naturally in European thought in primitive Christianity, it will be sure to be the universal religion which meets the needs that pagan religions interpret. A very interesting feature of these lectures is the incidental parallel which they bring out between the development, the arrest and the decay, and the revival of the religions of India and the analogous experiences in the development of Christianity. The volume does not go into minute detail, and is not intended for scholars. But it goes into detail quite enough for the author's purpose, which is to give to the busy minister and to the thoughtful but non-scholastic layman a broad and generous interpretation of the religious development and present condition of India. To that purpose it is admirably adapted. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.)

In his volume on "Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria"—the latest series of "American Lectures on the History of Religions"—Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, gives the fruit of recent researches in that field by European and American scholars. No small part of its interest for the general reader is due to its copious illustrations, many of them among the finest specimens of photography, *e.g.*, the silver vase of Entemena, dating from about 2850 B.C. From the dawn of history the growth of culture is pervaded by a marked and deep religious spirit. A divorce of culture from religion began before 1500 B.C. in the rise of astrology, introducing a recognition of law and order in the universe through its assumption of a coordination between terrestrial events and celestial phenomena. Its tendency toward the decay of primitive religious beliefs was reinforced when astrology began to give place to astronomy in the seventh century, and was completed when the new spiritual force that Zoroastrianism introduced under Cyrus in the sixth century dissolved the ancient bond. The most illustrious names preceding Cyrus are Hammurapi, of Babylon, 1958–1916 B.C., and Ashurbanapal, of Nineveh, 668–626. The former, by his great Code, to whose beneficent statutes some pages are devoted, created the Babylonian people, as the Mosaic laws created the Hebrew nation. The latter, most brilliant of Assyrian monarchs—strangely vilified by a lying Greek tradition as the womanish Sardanapalus—was not only a conqueror, but "the first genuine collector of the literature of the past," harvesting in his royal library the treasures of the great religious centers of Babylonia. A tendency to monotheism is clearly apparent in the Euphrates Valley, as it once was in Egypt, but only in Hebrew monotheism is the principle of a transcendent deity consistently maintained and worship reorganized conformably. Professor Jastrow somewhat humorously apologizes for his detailed account of the theory and practice of divination and astrology by saying that "it is not a waste of time to find out how other people have wasted theirs." In this field a definite link has been established between the Euphratean and the Etruscan civilization. The ethics of the Babylonians and Assyrians did not look forward to another world. Their history shows that a high standard of social morality can be maintained so long as law and the gods enforce strict retribution of good and evil in the present

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world. That the Hebrew prophets inveigh against Babylon and Nineveh as utterly damnable is attributable to the natural hatred of the conquered for the conqueror. The average Bible reader will find in these lectures fresh light upon various passages in the Old Testament. Fully recognizing a stock of tradition common to it and the Euphratean literature, Professor Jastrow sees in the sublime ethical monotheism of the great Hebrew prophets "the new factor introduced into the religious history of mankind." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.25.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

NOT MILTON BUT COMUS

In his recent article in The Outlook, President Eliot, to emphasize his conception of beauty or loveliness as a part of the religious ideal in education, quotes as an illustration the following lines from Milton:

> "Beauty is nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
> But must be current; and the good thereof
> Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
> Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself."

From the use of the quotation in Dr. Eliot's article one would naturally suppose these four lines to be an expression of Milton's own attitude on the subject of beauty, just as "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," expresses the attitude of Keats. Indeed, the implication in the article is so clear that in reverence for Milton it may not seem too petty to point out that the passage really forms part of a sophistical speech by the tempter Comus in his endeavor to ensnare the virgin chastity of the lady.

Milton's poetry everywhere shows evidence of his love of the beautiful, but the connotation of the above passage is so plain that it is really unfair to take the lines as an actual expression of his own personal view on the subject.

BAYARD BREESE SNOWDEN,
Instructor in English.
Williston Seminary,
Easthampton, Massachusetts.

THE PORTLAND TERMINAL COMPANY

The reading of what The Outlook has to say about "The House of Governors" awakens or rather renews my interest in a phase of the railway situation which I have not seen in print, although it is not thought it could have escaped the observation of those interested in recent civic development. I refer to the formation of terminal companies by the railways, which companies escape, or expect to escape, the restrictions of Federal control. The recently formed Portland (Maine) Terminal Company is a good illustration of the case. This company was created to control the station and tracks of the Maine Central and Boston and Maine Railways within fifteen miles of Portland. It is entirely within the State, and can by its terminal charges evade any restrictions as to rates in inter-State commerce which the Commission may lay upon the Boston and Maine and Maine Central and their subsidiary companies.

Lawrence, Massachusetts. W. H. MERRILL.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO

In the issue of October 14 you comment on the death of Admiral Schley, and therein you refer to the controversy between the friends of Sampson and Schley as to whose was the victory over Cervera's fleet. In support of your claim for Sampson you state that history credits the Battle of Waterloo to Wellington, though he was miles away when that battle was won. Where was he? History, and all accounts of the Battle of Waterloo that I have studied, mention the fact that Wellington was present at that battle, and throughout the whole of it. Blücher fought Ligny, and Wellington fought Quatre Bras, and neither of them did any more than hold his own, if he did that. The day after Quatre Bras (June 17, 1815) Wellington spent looking over his ground for the decisive battle he knew must come, and disposed two forces over the plain and forests of Waterloo. He slept in the village of Waterloo on the night of the 17th, and was at Hougomont when the opening attack was made at that point by the French. He was practically in the thick of the fight while it lasted. He for some time directed the allied forces from near Mont St. Jean (some French writers call the battle after St. Jean); and it was Wellington who ordered the final charge of the English Guards which ended in the rout of Napoleon's veterans and won the battle. And, moreover, Wellington slept on the night of the 18th of June at the village of Waterloo. On consulting Wilson's biography of Wellington, I find the facts as above stated.

JAMES E. GREENSMITH.
Taunton, Massachusetts.

[The statement that "Wellington was miles away when Waterloo was won" was, we own, an error, yet the history of the Waterloo campaign illustrates perfectly the point we were making. The engagement, commonly called the Battle of Waterloo, did not take place at the village of Waterloo, but some two miles to the south. Indeed, the fighting that occurred on June 18, 1815, was but the culmination of a con-

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flict that raged over a wide territory for the greater part of four days. Waterloo was won not merely by the brave stand of the British squares at Mont St. Jean, the gallant surging back of the Prussians at Plancenoit, and the onslaught of the fresh troops under Blücher, but equally, if not more, by the action of the allied troops during the preceding three days. Indeed, it is well within bounds to say that the short four-day Waterloo Campaign, as it is called, which began with the movement of Napoleon's troops northward on the 15th, was a single great battle: and when that began with the fighting near Charleroi, Wellington was miles to the northward, in Brussels. In that respect, if one may compare the small with the great, the naval battle off Santiago bore resemblance to the Waterloo campaign. Long before Napoleon began his aggressive movement the plans of the battle had been made. It was the purpose of the allies, who were scattered over a wide range of country, to concentrate as soon as Napoleon appeared, so as to prevent his driving a wedge of French veterans up between them. How this concentration should be effected in detail had to be left, as soon as the fighting began, to the judgment of corps commanders. For example, Prince Bernard at Frasnes, and later Gneisenau in ordering the retreat toward Wavre, showed the same kind of independ ent judgment and boldness of execution that the American naval captains did when the Spanish vessels appeared; and they had to act on their own initiative, for at those particular times Wellington was, and had to be, literally "miles away," and knew nothing of what was happening. Yet, after all, although Wellington was personally present in the conflict only at its later stage, and then only at certain points (notably Quatre Bras and Mont St. Jean), and although glory belongs to such commanders as the faithful and loyal Blücher, and the brave Picton, and Prince Bernard and Gneisenau, history has made no error in recording Wellington as the final conqueror of Napoleon Bonaparte. The point we wish to emphasize is that the man who plans and directs is the real commander, wherever circumstances may place him at the time of fighting. This is especially illustrated by the naval battle at Santiago; for there the victory was due wholly to the blockade, and the blockade was established and maintained by the commanding skill of Admiral Sampson.—THE EDITORS.]

DID CALIFORNIA WOMEN WANT THE SUFFRAGE?

The Outlook, commenting on the woman's suffrage victory in California, among other things said: "The fact seems to be overlooked as to whether the women themselves desire the franchise." For your information I will say that the Legislature at the session before the last one offered the Suffragette leaders the opportunity to allow the women by vote to signify whether a majority wished the ballot; this was declined. At the last session of the Legislature Senator Caminetti offered an amendment to the same effect, which was also declined. At our election on amendments about one-third of the voters of the State voted in favor of enfranchising the women. I think we should now proceed under the initiative to find out whether a majority of the women want to vote, and whether a majority of the men want them to. H. O. TROWBRIDGE.

San Francisco, California.

[Perhaps "disregarded" would have been a better word than "overlooked."—THE EDITORS.]

A GOOD WORD FOR THE "GRIND"

Assistant Dean Castle's recent article in The Outlook, entitled "The Freshman," contains much food for thought for all those concerned in any way with the teaching of college students.

There is one aspect of the matter, however, upon which I am moved to take friendly issue, and that is with reference to the "grind." What is it that makes this sort of fellow so generally despised? Why has he developed such a paltry and limited view of life? One might infer from this article, and from many similar statements, that it is because the grind has studied too hard or because he has been too ardent in his pursuit of truth. Now, I am loth to believe that mere industry and singleness of purpose can produce any such grotesque type as is depicted in this article as the typical freshman teacher. Just now many voices are being raised over the country as to the incapacity of the average college student to do hard, telling work in his studies. We are told that he spends his main energies in the satisfaction of relatively transient, unproductive interests. In many quarters we are told that he shows a marked tendency to elect only elementary courses throughout his whole college career. Shall we hold up to him the ideal of less hard work and more acquaintance with life? As I conceive it, the chief fault with the grind who is afterwards rewarded with a college instructorship is, not in his willingness and ability to study hard, but in his blind faith in the wisdom of his professors who have required him to prostitute his splendid eagerness to work and his fine desire to be a scholar upon such profitless problems as Professor Castle has mentioned. If the grind, instead of being interested in some of the more human problems of modern colloquial English, is rather the "greatest living authority upon the authorship of the 'Mirrour of Magistrates,'" we can scarcely blame *him*, because the scholars who directed his graduate study practically *required* of him that he should take some such

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juiceless problem as a basis for his advanced work. The grind, in his industry and eagerness for knowledge, in so far, shows the marks of true ability, which, unless coupled with some unfortunate eccentricity or lack of refinement, should make him eventually a valuable man. But to what use is his ability put? To a use that makes him, when he has finished his study, an object of ridicule. When the college faces the need of getting live men for its freshmen classes, it discovers that the training it has been giving its young men who desire to be teachers has really unfitted them for that work.

In short, I hold a brief for the grind, if by that we mean the fellow who works hard at his studies. May his ilk increase! May the graduate schools also awake to a sense of their responsibility! Let them realize that a scholar can be trained by working at a vital present-day problem about as well as upon the "Shippe of Fooles" or the influence of German literature upon Tudor literature.

IRVING KING,
Assistant Professor of Education,
State University of Iowa.

COUNTER-SUGGESTION TO ADVERTISING

Your issue of September 30 contains a letter from Mr. Bruce in answer to inquiries on the "Psychology of Advertising." May I suggest that you could render a very large service to the community by securing from Mr. Bruce, or the psychologists exploited by him, a usable method of anti-suggestion through which the multitudes who are not really fools or incapables might be prevented from acting on the skillfully worded suggestions of the already too capable advertisers? It is of vastly more importance to the people at large to know how to resist than how to advertise.

In certain quarters attention is just at present directed to the methods by which people with minor, imaginary, or suggested ailments are separated from their money and in many instances seriously injured in health because of the already too expert psychology of advertising practiced by the makers and venders of patent medicines. But the business prospers notwithstanding, and will continue to do so until the victims not merely gain in common sense but acquire the art of counter-suggestion. Cannot the practical-minded among the psychologists give us some Stout Suggestions for Sick Souls to offset the effects of Pale Pills for Plain People?

It is not merely the makers of nostrums or of package foods, however, that need to be guarded against. In almost every department of business the psychology of suggestion is practiced to the detriment of the public. I do not, of course, mean to decry advertising, but to point out the existence of a real public need. It would no doubt help matters very much if it should be made unlawful to publish claims which are manifestly false or misleading; and there seems to be some hope that we shall one day reach that advanced stage of civilization. In the meantime let us have the psychology of anti-advertising, with an occasional congress for the conservation of common sense.

Berkeley, California. S. S. MAXWELL.

COLLEGE DEGREES

I wish to commend your recent editorial about college degrees, and especially what you say of those degrees given by certain accredited colleges to very ordinary men. I think here is a cause for indignation. A college violates the law of common honesty when it grants a title to a man who does not stand out distinctly from his fellows in some worthy and efficient way. But what are the facts? I write particularly of the title D.D. A great many ministers have been given that title in this country, by fairly well known colleges, who have not in the least deserved it. Neither in the churches they serve nor in the work they do in any capacity have they merited any special recognition, and yet because they had the habit of hanging around their Alma Mater or some other college, or were well acquainted with some college president or certain members of a college board of trustees, and in various indirect ways suggested that they receive the title of D.D., the title has been bestowed upon them. Of course ministers are familiar with these tactics and discount all such titles accordingly, but laymen are quite often fooled. They innocently regard the title of D.D. in every case as a testimony to superior worth or achievement. It has often occurred to me to ask whether it is honest for a minister who knows he has done nothing out of the ordinary to accept such a title, and thus convey to the uninformed the idea that he is a man of unusual ability. It would be a distinct shock to the average layman to know the real facts about many titles worn by many ministers to-day. It may seem severe, but I do not think it too severe, to say that a strong suspicion attaches to the average minister who has received the degree of D.D. I do not mean for a moment that he has secured the degree from a fake college, or has paid money for it, or has even asked directly in any way for it. He has simply kept himself and his very ordinary achievements in a skillful and exaggerated way before some college until the suggestion that he receive a D.D. is at last acted upon.

All such conduct is incompatible with a really high and fine conception of the ministry, and perhaps we have here some explanation of the ministry's declining power in spiritual leadership. The time has arrived for a distinct ethical advance not only in business but in many aspects of professional life. And surely in such advance the ministry should not lag behind.

Cleveland, Ohio. E. C. Y.

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BY THE WAY

The first women in the history of Cornell University to occupy full professorships have just been appointed. They are Miss Flora Rose and Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, and they are to be professors of Home Economics.

In the recent contest for the world's baseball championship it is a fact worth noting that on each team one of the most skillful players was a full-blooded American Indian.

The United States, which is the world's principal market for diamonds, says the "Jewelers' Circular," is not now buying as many of the finer and larger stones as formerly. The reason for this is, indirectly, the large production of small diamonds in German Southwest Africa. This caused a fall in the price for small stones, and, to make things even, the London syndicate that controls the diamond market raised the price for large stones, and this higher price has lessened the demand in America for the finer diamonds.

English meteorologists have to go back in their records for seventy years to find a summer with as high an average temperature—namely, a fraction over 66 degrees—as that of 1911. The hottest day of last summer, August 9, when the thermometer registered 100 degrees at Greenwich, has also had no parallel since the summer of 1841.

In a résumé of the ethnological losses caused by the fire in the State Capitol at Albany last spring, the "American Anthropologist" notes the curious fact that almost the only articles that escaped injury were those having a religious significance. The medicine masks and other paraphernalia of the Indians' religious rites were uninjured, while the rest of the valuable collection was almost totally destroyed. In another age this might have been considered significant; now it is only a freak of the fire-fiend.

Dr. Wilhelm Bode, curator of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, Germany, has come to America to study American methods of cataloguing and hanging pictures and to see American collections in museums and private galleries.

Not more than 60,000 of the 4,000,000 books in the British Museum are in common use, the Museum's chief librarian is reported as saying. Only occasionally is one of the other 3,940,000 books asked for by a delver in forgotten lore. "Acres and acres of books here are uncut," says the librarian, "and have never left their shelves since they were placed in them." And yet in the future any one of those forgotten books may prove to some special student to be of priceless value.

The women of a church in Ithaca, New York, a newspaper report states, are to remove their hats during the services. This was decided in a church meeting by the vote of the women themselves. The reason given is that the prevailing fashion of large hats makes it difficult for men church-goers to see the pastor.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" has been translated into Chinese and is said to have attained great popularity. Other Western stories that have had a welcome in China are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Ivanhoe."

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, well known as a preacher of liberal Christianity, arrived in New York recently. He is to spend several months in the United States and Canada.

"The bank deposits of Butler County, Kansas, show more money per capita than any other agricultural county in the State," says a newspaper despatch. The reason assigned is that the Kaffir corn which is largely raised in this county withstood the drought of last summer while other crops failed.

Sightseers often find the viewing of pictures the most fatiguing part of their day's work. An article in the "Scientific American" ascribes this fatigue partly to the fact that many picture galleries are so lighted that strong sunlight is reflected upward by shining floors. This is very trying to the eyes, just as is the glare of sunshine on large surfaces of snow or ice.

The Brabazon Society, as described by a writer in "Chambers's Journal," seeks to help the inmates of the English workhouses by inspiring them to work—for the "workhouse" is ordinarily a place whose inmates "spend their time in apathetic vacancy, too indolent even to quarrel." Much success has attended the efforts of the Society. Part of its profits go to the individual worker, the rest toward providing luxuries for those who are unable to work.

Tolstoy's estate, which would have been divided among the peasants living thereon if the owner's wishes had been carried out, is, it is reported, to be sold for the benefit of his family. It is hoped that the house will be bought by subscription and kept as a memorial of the novelist.

And now comes a Frenchman who deplores the leisurely dining of his countrymen and extols the "quick lunch" of the Americans. Fast eating, he says, means fast work; slow eating, insufficient time for work; hence we excel the French in our industrial output. We also excel them in our output of dyspeptics and of patent medicines. The health and lightheartedness of the French workman are due in no small degree, we believe, to his deliberate and socially enjoyable meals.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City, Utah, is to make a tour of the country. This is said to be one of the largest musical organizations in the world, comprising some six hundred members. The choir's répertoire will include grand opera selections, oratorio, part songs, and some "characteristic Utah pieces."

In a recent congress of high school teachers in Dresden, Germany, a German professor is quoted as having given high praise to American colleges because they stand for better things than "turning out young gentlemen with a slash across their face and a talent for evading hard work." As Americans are fond of praising the scholarship of the German institutions of learning, these international compliments seem to be fairly well balanced.

It is said that 2,500 daily newspapers are published in the United States, 1,500 in Germany, and only 250 in Great Britain. Japan has 400 dailies, one of them with a circulation of 400,000.

Robert Louis Stevenson, says the London "Chronicle," used to assert that the inspiration for some of his best work came through dreams, and instanced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as a case in point. It will be remembered that what Swinburne calls the first poem in the language for "absolute melody and splendor," "Kubla Khan," was part of a poem composed by Coleridge in a dream—the rest of the poem being unfortunately forgotten before an opportunity came to write it out.

A new naval training station is to be established at Lake Bluff, on Lake Michigan, a few miles from Chicago. Secretary Meyer is reported as saying of it: "This naval training station will be the finest in the world. I believe that when the station is in full operation, seventy-five per cent of the men joining the navy will enlist from the Middle West."

"Did John the Baptist eat beans or beetles?" a subscriber asks, referring to an article in The Outlook which spoke of the "locusts" of Matt. iii. 4 as insects. The commentators disagree as to whether the "meat" referred to was vegetable or animal. Some say that the "locusts" were the pods of the carob or locust tree, known as "St. John's bread;" others that they were undoubtedly the insects, which form a common food in the East. It appears that St. John was within his rights in either case, as both articles were lawful food to the Jews, the flying locusts being specially mentioned in Leviticus xi. 22.

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Classified Advertisements

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Summer Camps, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, three columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the Saturday on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear. Address Advertising Department, The Outlook, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

American Hotels & Resorts

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Long Beach Sanitarium at beautiful Long Beach, where it is NEVER COLD. California's best Sanitarium. Battle Creek Sanitarium methods. Near Los Angeles, but much WARMER in winter. Booklet free.

Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Cal. 300 large rooms with private bath. American plan. Beautiful grounds, winter surf bathing and every outdoor sport. Delightful warm winter climate. Excellent boulevards. Write for Illustrated folders. CARL STANLEY, Mgr.

THE HOTEL GREEN
(FIREPROOF)
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
The Most Beautiful and Best Known of Southern California Hotels
OPEN DECEMBER 20th
Delightfully situated, overlooking Pasadena's Central Park. The Hotel Green is under the personal management of **DAVID B. PLUMER.**
Send for Illustrated Printed Matter

MISS TILESTON'S WINTER and SUMMER HOME
for Eastern visitors. Centrally located, three minutes' walk from all electric car lines. Sunny rooms, attractive porch, excellent table. For particulars address Miss Tileston, 98 South Euclid Ave., Pasadena, California.

CONNECTICUT

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct.—First-class in all respects; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

THE WAYSIDE INN
New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
Open all the year. Special arrangements for week-end parties. An ideal place for your Winter's rest. Two hours from New York. Write for booklet A.

Dr. Givens' Sanitarium
For NERVOUS and mild MENTAL diseases. Has separate cottages for ALCOHOL and DRUG patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HAMILTON
14th & K Streets, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A select family and transient hotel, most conveniently located; modern and homelike. Good table. American plan. Rates $2.50 up per day. Special rates by week, month, and season. Send for booklet.
IRVING O. BALL, Prop.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, D. C.
The Toronto Apt. 71, Dupont Circle
Furnished apartments, 2 to 6 rooms with bath, $4.00 to $10.00 a day, including service. **Rooms** $2.00 to $3.00. Special weekly or monthly rates. Excellent café. Desirable residential location, very accessible to cars.

FLORIDA

LAKE VIEW HOTEL
LEESBURG, FLORIDA
We challenge the world for healthy climate. Pure water, good food, clean, neat rooms. Best hunting, fishing, boating in State. Rooms with bath or running water. Rates $2.50 per day. Special weekly, $12.50 up. Booklet. Address E. C. Worrell, Moorestown, N. J. After Dec. 1, to Leesburg, Fla.

LAKESIDE HOTEL (on Lake Weir). Healthful, high, rolling pine land. Orange grove. Fishing, hunting. Ill. booklet. L. T. CLAWSON, Weirsdale, Fla.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON
A Distinctive Boston House
For transient and permanent guests. Interesting booklet on request. C. E. Costello, Mgr.

The Crowninshield 1410-1412 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass., Boston's most beautiful suburb, 15 minutes from shopping district. Transient and permanent guests accommodated at moderate prices.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
Open all the year. On harbor. Private baths. Address M. M. CHANDLER.

NEW JERSEY

"The salt breath of the sea brings health"

GALEN HALL
HOTEL AND SANATORIUM
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY
An ideal place for a long or short stay. Stone, brick and steel building. Rooms en suite with hot and cold sea water in private baths. Over 70 forms of Tonic and Curative Baths and Treatments with trained attendants. Sea Water used in all Hydriatic Treatments.
N. Y. Office, 1122 Broadway
F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

Lakewood, N. J. Cottesbrooke Spinney
A comfortable cottage in the pines. Excellent rooms and board for a limited number of gentlemen. Carriages and saddle horses provided. Accommodation for horses and dogs. Address P. O. Box 244, Lakewood, N. J.

MAHWAH INN Mahwah, N. J.
Steam heat. Open fire. Garage. Quail and rabbit hunting. Winter rates.

NEW JERSEY

IDYLEASE INN
Newfoundland, New Jersey
A MODERN HEALTH RESORT
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Let us send you our booklet.

A good place to have your **deficient** or **backward children cared for** is at
Hazelhurst Farm, Vineland, N. J.
Miss M. HARRIS, a graduate nurse of The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia. All conveniences. Only room for a few.

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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square, adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.
Mrs. JAMES KNOTT, Proprietor.

NEW YORK

The Jackson Health Resort

DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
Fireproof main building. Delaware, Lackawanna Railroad. Open winter and summer. Send for literature. **Box A.**

The Gleason Health Resort
Elmira, New York
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST
Dr. John C. Fisher, Resident Physician
E. B. Gleason, Propr.

"INTERPINES"
A quiet, restful HOME for the nervous invalid. Booklet on application. Drs. F. W. and F. W. SEWARD, Goshen, N. Y.

"It's all in the care."
DR. STRONG'S
The Saratoga Springs Sanitarium
Write for Booklet A

SOUTH CAROLINA

YORK HOUSE AIKEN, S. C.
Finest climate, high elevation, drives. Superior central location. Good table. Reasonable.

NORTH CAROLINA

Battery Park Hotel
Famous Everywhere
Asheville, North Carolina

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Hotels and Resorts

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

The Winter Capital of the South

Free from Climatic Extremes

Four excellent Hotels—52 cottages—Holly Inn, now open, Carolina, Berkshire and Harvard, open early in January.

Numerous splendid tennis courts

frequent tournaments and championships, gold and silver prizes; 3 golf courses, shooting preserve, trap shooting, livery or saddle horses, model dairy.

Through Pullman Service from New York to Pinehurst via Seaboard Air Line. Only one night out from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

Send for illustrated Booklet.

Pinehurst General Office, Pinehurst, or to Leonard Tufts, Owner, Boston, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA

Easton Sanitarium For treatment of the nervous or mentally ill. Superior location; skilled care. Visit here before selecting a place elsewhere, or call up Dr. Kinney for particulars. Phone 1661, Easton, Pa.

POCONO MANOR Monroe Co., Pa. Under management of Friends. 1,800 feet above sea level; finest scenery in Pocono Mountains. For table, water, social advantages, the appointments are unsurpassed. Send for announcement. M. E. WISTAR, Mgr., Pocono Manor P.O., Pa.

Private Sanitarium 119 West Penn St., Germantown, Pa. Board and care for invalids, convalescent or elderly persons. Homelike surroundings, with comfortable accommodations.

WYOMING

RANCH LIFE

The sunshine, fresh air, and good food a cure for incipient tuberculosis. Our mountain valley delightful in winter. Specialist physician available. Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR REECE, 4 T Ranch, Cody, Wyo.

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2,000 at one cent each. Greek Handbook by Edmund Von Mach, 1 vol., $1.50. Italian Handbooks, 2 vols., $1.50 each.
Send two-cent stamp for catalogue.
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
20 Trinity Place, Boston

Tours and Travel

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The European Mecca for Health and Pleasure

Pine clad slopes covered with hard dry snow and icebound lake offer you unique opportunities to enjoy healthy outdoor life in glorious warm sunshine and dry bracing air. Fêtes and festivities on ice and snow, carnivals, skating, tobogganing, hockey, curling, all kinds of unique entertainment, the best social life, and every comfort and convenience in her modern world famed resorts and Hotels. **Spend Christmas in Switzerland. Make your plans to-day.** Write for **Winter Travel Letter No. 30** and secure free a handsome collection of illustrated literature and booklets, including the Hotel Guide. No fees. Expert advice.
SWISS FEDERAL RAILROAD
241 Fifth Ave., New York City

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ORIENTAL TOURS

A varied series giving the very best of Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece. 13th season. Leader, Dr. A. E. Dunning, former Editor Congregationalist, and long familiar with the Near East. Special lectures. Sailings Feb. to June.

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in spring and summer covering all countries. Wide range of prices. Write for advance booklet just issued.

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Scholarly leadership. Tours to Orient and Europe. Steam yacht ATHENA in Mediterranean. Write for announcement stating desired route. BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL. 20 Trinity Place, Boston.

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Fall & Winter Tours and Cruises. Write for particulars. Dr. & Mrs. H. S. PAINE, Glens Falls, N.Y.

EUROPE Sail February, March, April, May, June, July. **ORIENT**

Best routes, best management, best testimonials, and the lowest prices in the world.
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TRAVEL EXTENSION COURSE IN EUROPE

Chautauqua Institution offers an extension of its study courses in a tour of the great capitals of Europe. Preparatory readings; preparatory classes. Lectures en route by specialists. The method and spirit of CHAUTAUQUA in a summer's study of Europe at first hand. SAILINGS for 1912, JUNE 19 and 29. Send for full announcement.
Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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Winter or Spring Tour A lady accustomed to conducting private parties has returned from a fifteen months' tour in Europe and will make an engagement for a short or long tour. References. Box 274, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Tours and Travel

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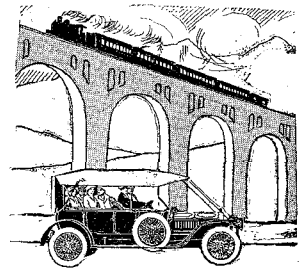

VISIT out-of-the-way spots, historic and picturesque nooks and corners seldom reached by the ordinary tourist methods. Be independent of railway trains, and stay when and where you please. Comfortable wayside inns throughout Europe now cater specially for the ubiquitous Auto-car. Save time, save money, enjoy more, and actually

SEE EUROPE!

WE have for Hire the best Open and Closed Motor-cars for British and Continental touring, at the most reasonable inclusive tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed itineraries, also copy of "Through Europe in an Auto," sent free on request. *Write us about everything to do with Motoring abroad!*

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A few dollars a day and a few weeks' time is all that is necessary to see this fascinating country.

Lv. New York Feb. 1

For illustrated itinerary address Room 20, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA TOURS
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Mar. 2, '12. Select party, experienced leadership. Mediterranean Lands and Europe.
VIOLETT TOURIST CO., Greenville, Ill.

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Tours and Travel

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The Country for the

SPORTSMAN

DIRECT EXPRESS SERVICE

Dining and Sleeping Car Trains

Three Services Weekly from CAIRO to KHARTOUM. Two Steamer Services Monthly from KHARTOUM to REJAF for UGANDA. Special Steamers for Private Charter.

The SUDAN is one of the most easily accessible countries in which big game abounds, and its large territory offers a most varied choice of shooting grounds.

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RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO., New York, Boston, Philadelphia
FRANK L. CLARK, New York
ALTHOUSE FOREIGN TOURS, Philadelphia
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Cook's luxurious steamers leave Cairo every few days during the season. Dahabeahs and Private steamers for charter. Frequent sailings by large Ocean Steamers, New York to Egypt direct.

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ROUND THE WORLD Leisurely travel *de Luxe*. Small private parties. From New York Nov. 28, Jan. 6.

SOUTH AMERICA "The Land of Opportunity." Three months' Tour leaves New York Jan. 27.

Fall and Winter Tours to Europe.

Send for Programme desired.

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"The Best in Travel"

6 months' **ROUND THE WORLD** tour sailing November 18th.

SOUTH AMERICA—The climax in travel. Special tour Feb. 3d (return via Europe without additional charge).

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Europe. Comprehensive University tours. Splendid leaders, reasonable rates. Organizers of small parties wanted. **American Travel Club, Wilmington, Delaware.**

European Hotels

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THE Most Beautifully Situated Hotel in Naples. Unrivalled Panoramic Views of City, Vesuvius and the Bay. Everything First-class and Up-to-date. Modern Sanitation. Magnificent Climate and Scenery. Perfect Comfort at

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NAPLES

Booklet free from Town & Country, 389 5th Ave., N. Y.

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FOR SALE

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LAKE WALES and **IRON MOUNTAIN,** subtropical Florida's most picturesque region now accessible by railroad. Plenty of hunting, fishing, boating, autoing, citrus fruit culture, midwinter gardening. Unspoiled, elevated homesites and tracts on lake fronts for sale; low cash prices. Write for illustrated booklet and arrange to visit Lake Wales this winter. LAKE WALES LAND COMPANY, Bartow, Florida.

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THE BEAUTIFUL CITY
of the **FLORIDA** East Coast.
For **WINTER HOMES,** property of all descriptions, write
EDMONDSON & DONNELLY
Daytona, Fla.

For sale. Florida winter home at Mandarin, in close vicinity home Harriet Beecher Stowe. 12 miles from Jacksonville. About 6 acres. 420 feet well-elevated frontage St. Johns River. 10-room house, modern conveniences. Servants' quarters, also 2-story barn. Artesian well. Bearing orange and grapefruit grove; peaches, pecans, etc. Splendid condition. Address owner, McGehee Whitner, Atlantic Bank Bldg., Jacksonville, Florida.

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Real Estate

NEW YORK

Westchester County New York

FOR SALE

A Most Desirable Hudson River Home Property

Nine and one third acres, rolling, well-wooded, and picturesque. Commanding beautiful view of the Hudson River. Modern house, 14 rooms. Cottage and stable. Neighborhood quiet and refined, easy of access, fine private schools and many other advantages. For full particulars address

Owner, 4,098, Outlook.

FOR SALE
FOR
Development Purposes
IN

Briarcliff Manor

WESTCHESTER COUNTY

A very accessible tract, well adapted for parking and plotting into very desirable lots for middle cost cottages, can be bought at low figure for immediate sale. Address

Briarcliff, 4,131, Outlook

Plant your APPLE ORCHARD in the Kinderhook Country, a pleasant land, where good living and good orchards go together. Come and see. Ask for booklet. Rural Life Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.

FOR RENT WINTER COTTAGES unusually well equipped and furnished at **Saranac Lake** in the Adirondacks. Exhilarating climate; tobogganing, sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing; pure water; good sewerage; choice markets; skilled physicians. Duryee & Co., R. Estate, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

VERMONT

Faircroft Farm contains 155 acres in a high state of cultivation. new modern house with modern conveniences, new barn and stable. ¼ mile from village, 1 mile from depot, 8½ miles from city. Large lawn, plenty of shade trees. A very attractive location, and commands a beautiful view. Reynolds Real Estate Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Real Estate

VIRGINIA

Fertile Virginia Farms

$15 PER ACRE AND UP. **Easy payments.** Productive soil, mild climate, fine water, good roads, close markets, unsurpassed church, school and social advantages. *Now, while you think of it,* write for the latest issue of **"The Southern Homeseeker,"** other interesting literature and low excursion rates. Address

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Agr'l Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., Box 3,094, Roanoke, Va.

N&W Ry

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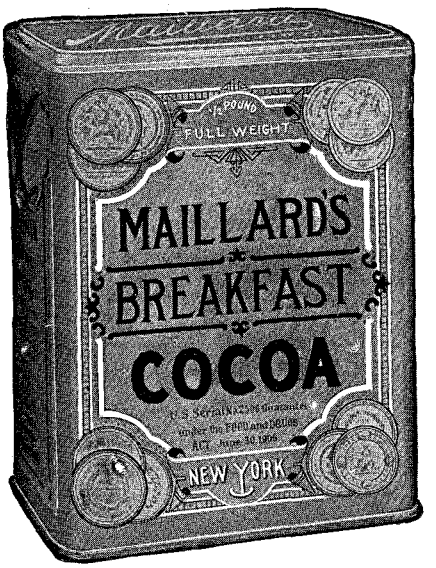

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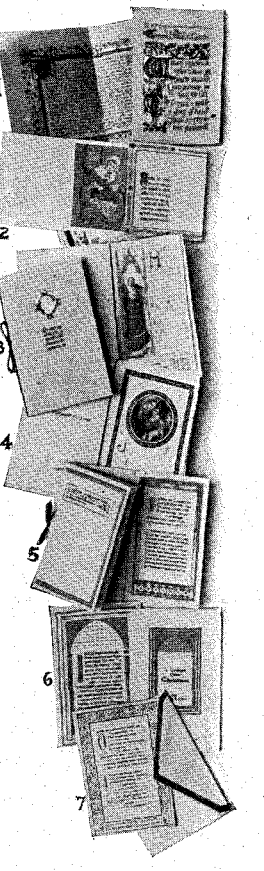

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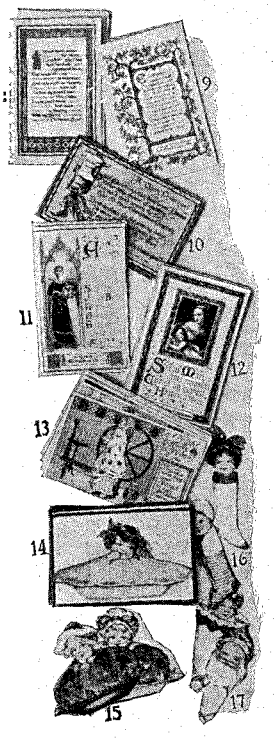

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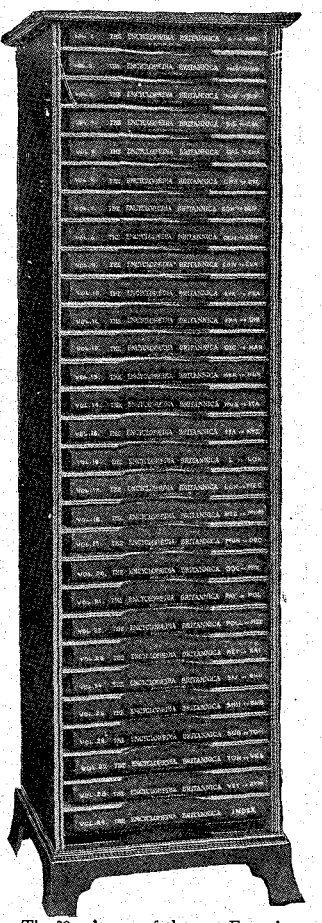

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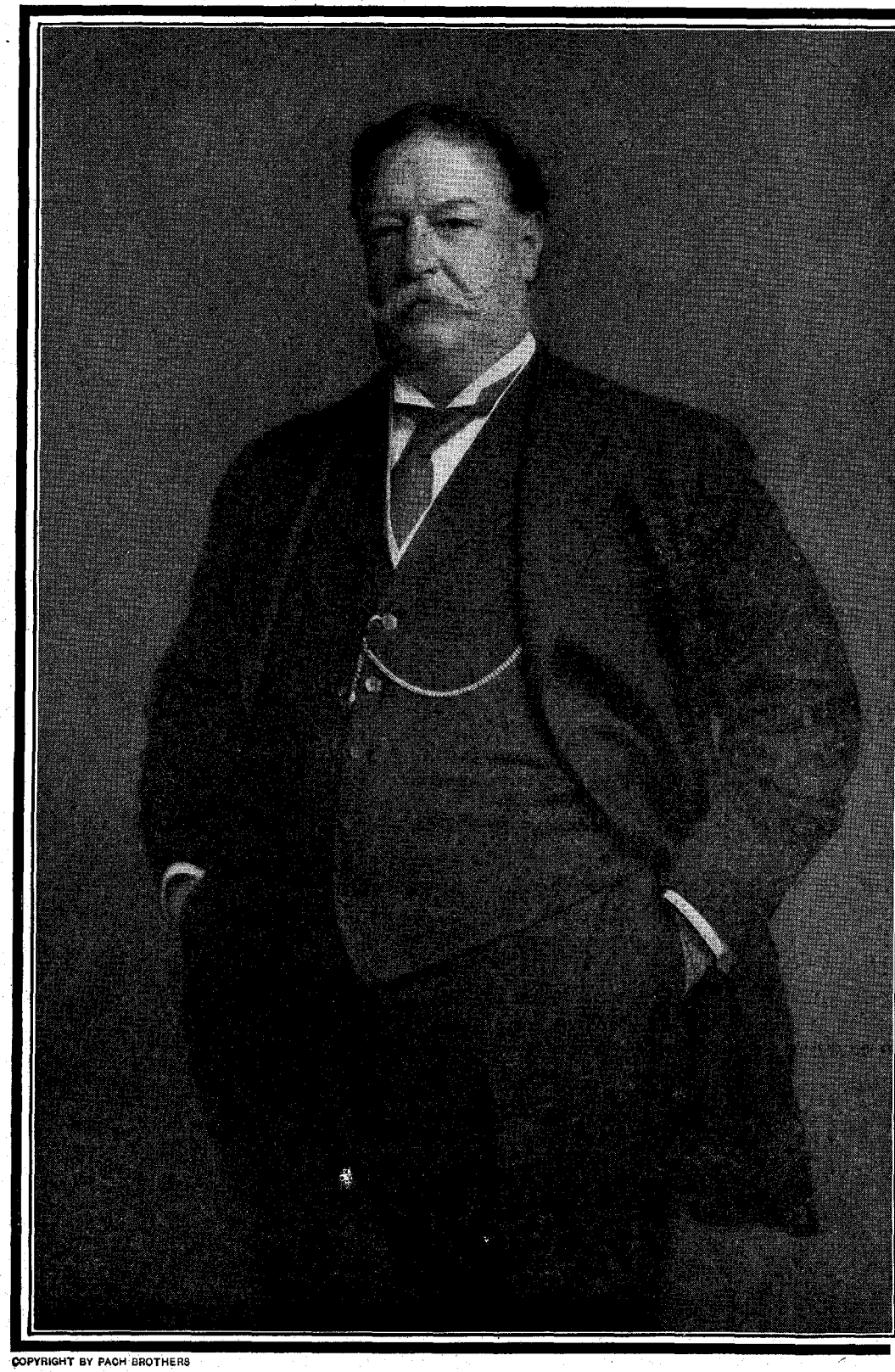

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